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McKean County Miner.

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TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL XXXVI.

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899.

NO. 40

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388 meets in the second and fourth Wednesday [illegible] at Masonic Hall, Main street.
F. [illegible] W. M.
W. F. Specht, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. Smethport Lodge No. [illegible] meets [illegible] evening at [illegible] o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible] degree first meeting of month, [illegible] degree on second, and [illegible] degree on fourth meetings.
R. C. Gilkerson, N. G.
H. M. [illegible]ark, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. Smethport Encampment No. [illegible] [illegible] First and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. Fay, Chief Patriarch.
[illegible], Scribe.

[illegible] Rebekah Lodge No. [illegible] [illegible] every Monday evening at I. O. O. F.
Mary J. Lyman, N. G.
[illegible], Sec.

[illegible] McKean Post No. [illegible] meets first and third [illegible] evening of each month [illegible] Hall.
R. R. May, Com.
[illegible], Adjutant.

[illegible] Meets Thursday afternoons [illegible] Hall, Backus Block.
Mrs. Kate L. W[illegible], Pres't.
[illegible]

[illegible] Smethport Lodge No. 186 meets first and last Tuesday evenings [illegible] in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
[illegible] M. W.
[illegible] Recorder.

[illegible] Smethport Tent No. 9 meets Friday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. [illegible]
Clinton J. Lyons, Com.
[illegible] R. K.

[illegible] Meets in A[illegible] Tuesday after[illegible]
Mrs. Anna [illegible] Com.
[illegible] R. K.

[illegible] Branch 33 meets [illegible] Wednesdays of each month [illegible] Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
James Lyons, Pres't.
[illegible] Sec'y.

[illegible] Meets every Wednesday afternoon in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss [illegible], Pres't.
[illegible] Sec'y.

[illegible] Branch No. 45 meets on [illegible] Wednesday evenings of each month [illegible] Hall.
H. I. Knapp, Pres.
[illegible] Sec'y.

[illegible] Meets every Friday [illegible] Hall, [illegible] Block.
T. B. Richmond, V. C.
[illegible] Clerk.

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Episcopal—J. T. Walker, D. D. [illegible] Sunday morning at 10:30 [illegible] Sunday [illegible] Junior League [illegible] Preaching at [illegible] prayer meeting Thursday.

[illegible] Hebrew McCandless, Rector. [illegible] Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

[illegible] —East Street. [illegible] Hebrew McCandless [illegible] every Sunday at [illegible] The Ladies [illegible] meets Friday [illegible]

[illegible] Church, Rev. P. W. [illegible] Mass [illegible] Services [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

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Rev. W. Burrows, pastor. [illegible] morning at 10:30 a. m. [illegible] Class [illegible] Saturday [illegible]

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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER VI

For I came to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother and the daughter in law against her mother in law and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children, and walk in love even as Christ also loved you.

When Virginia left the carriage and went to Loreen she had no definite idea as to what she would do or what the result of her action would be. She simply saw a soul that had tasted of the joy of a better life slipping back again into its old hell of shame and death, and before she had touched the drunken girl's arm she had asked only one question "What would Jesus do?" That question was becoming with her, as with many others, a habit of life.

She looked around now as she stood close to Loreen and the whole scene was cruelly vivid to her. She thought first of the girls in the carriage.

"Drive on. Don't wait for me. I am going to see my friend here home," she said calmly enough.

The girl with the red parasol seemed to gasp at the word "friend" when Virginia spoke it. She did not say anything. The other girls seemed speechless.

"Go on. I cannot go back with you," said Virginia.

The driver started the horses slowly. One of the girls leaned a little out of the carriage.

"Can't we—that is—do you want our help? Couldn't we —"

"No, no!" exclaimed Virginia. "You cannot be of any use to me."

The carriage moved on and Virginia was alone with her charge.

She looked up and around. Many faces in the crowd were sympathetic. They were not all cruel or brutal. The Holy Spirit had softened a good deal of the Rectangle.

"Where does she live?" asked Virginia.

No one answered. It occurred to Virginia afterward when she had time to think it over that the Rectangle showed a delicacy in its sad silence that would have done credit to the boulevard.

For the first time it flashed upon her that the immortal being who was flung like wreckage upon the shore of this earthly hell called the saloon had no place that could be called home.

The girl suddenly wrenched her arm from Virginia's grasp. In doing it she nearly threw Virginia down.

"You shall not touch me! Leave me! Let me go to hell! That's where I belong! The devil is waiting for me! See him!" she exclaimed hoarsely. She turned and pointed with a shaking finger at the saloon keeper. The crowd laughed.

Virginia stepped up to her and put her arm about her.

"Loreen," she said firmly, "come with me. You do not belong to hell. You belong to Jesus, and he will save you. Come."

The girl suddenly burst into tears. She was only partly sobered by the shock of meeting Virginia.

Virginia looked around again. "Where does Mr. Gray live?" she asked. She knew the evangelist boarded somewhere near that tent.

A number of voices gave her the direction.

"Come, Loreen. I want you to go with me to Mrs. Gray's," she said, still keeping her hold of the swaying, trembling creature who still moaned and sobbed and now clung to Virginia as before she had repulsed her.

So the two moved on through the Rectangle toward the evangelist's lodging place. The sight seemed to impress the Rectangle seriously. It never took itself seriously when it was drunk, but this was different. The fact that one of the most beautifully dressed girls in Raymond was taking care of one of the Rectangle's most notorious characters, who reeled along under the influence of liquor, was a fact astonishing enough to throw more or less dignity and importance about Loreen herself. The event of Loreen stumbling through the gutter dead drunk always made the Rectangle laugh and jest, but Loreen staggering along with a young lady from the society circles up town supporting her was another thing. The Rectangle viewed it with soberness and more or less wondering admiration.

When they reached Mr. Gray's boarding place the woman who answered Virginia's knock said that both Mr. and Mrs. Gray were out somewhere and would not be back until 6 o'clock.

Virginia had not planned anything further than a possible appeal to the Grays either to take charge of Loreen for awhile or find some safe place for her until she was sober again. She stood now at the lodging after the woman had spoken, and she was really at a loss to know what to do. Loreen sank down stupidly on the steps and buried her face in her arms. Virginia eyed the miserable figure with a feeling that she was fearful would grow into disgust.

Finally a thought possessed Virginia that she could not resist. What was to hinder Loreen from going home with her? Why should not this homeless, wretched creature, reeking with the fumes of liquor, be cared for in Virginia's own home, instead of being consigned to strangers in some hospital or house of charity? Virginia really knew very little about any such places of refuge. As a matter of fact, there were two or three such institutions in Raymond, but it is doubtful if any of them would have taken a person like Loreen in her present condition. But that was not the question with Virginia just now. "What would Jesus do with Loreen?" was what Virginia faced, and she finally answered it by touching Loreen again.

"Loreen, come! You are going home with me. We will take the car here at the corner."

Loreen staggered to her feet and, to Virginia's relief, made no trouble. She had expected resistance or a stubborn refusal to move. When they reached the corner and took the car it was nearly full of people going up town. Virginia was painfully conscious of the stare that greeted her and her companion as they entered, but her thought was directed more and more to the approaching scene with her grandmother. What would Mme. Page say when she saw Loreen?

Loreen was nearly sober now, but she was lapsing into a state of stupor. Virginia was obliged to hold fast to her arm. Several times she lurched heavily against Virginia, and as the two went up the avenue a curious crowd of people turned and gazed at them. When she mounted the steps of the handsome house Virginia breathed a sigh of relief, even in the face of the interview with her grandmother, and when the door shut and she was in the wide hall with her houseless outcast she felt equal to anything that might now come.

Mme. Page was in the library. Hearing Virginia come in she came into the hall. Virginia stood there supporting Loreen, who stared stupidly at the rich magnificence of the furnishings around her.

"Grandmother"—Virginia spoke without hesitation and very clearly—"I have brought one of my friends from the Rectangle. She is in trouble and has no home. I am going to care for her a little while."

Mme. Page glanced from her granddaughter to Loreen in astonishment.

"Did you say she was one of your friends?" she asked in a cold, sneering voice that hurt Virginia more than anything she had yet felt.

"Yes, I said so." Virginia's face flushed, but she seemed to recall the verse that Mr. Gray had used for one of his recent sermons, "A friend of publicans and sinners." Surely Jesus would do this that she was doing.

"Do you know what this girl is?" asked Mme. Page in an angry whisper, stepping near Virginia.

"I know very well. She is an outcast. You need not tell me, grandmother. I know it even better than you do. She is drunk at this minute. But she is also a child of God. I have seen her on her knees repentant, and I have seen hell reach out its horrible fingers after her again, and by the grace of Christ I feel that the least I can do is to rescue her from such peril. Grandmother, we call ourselves Christians. Here is a poor lost human creature without a home, slipping into a possible eternal loss, and we have more than enough. I have brought her here and shall keep her."

Mme. Page glared at Virginia and clinched her hands. All this was contrary to her social code of conduct. How could society excuse such familiarity with the scum of the streets? What would Virginia's actions cost the family in the way of criticism and the loss of standing and all that long list of necessary relations which people of wealth and position must sustain to the leaders of society? To Mme. Page society represented more than the church or any other institution. It was a power to be feared and obeyed. The loss of its good will was a loss more to be dreaded than anything, except the loss of wealth itself.

She stood erect and stern and confronted Virginia, fully roused and determined. Virginia placed her arm about Loreen and calmly looked her grandmother in the face.

"You shall not do this, Virginia. You can send her to the asylum for helpless women. We can pay all the expenses. We cannot afford, for the sake of our reputations, to shelter such a person."

"Grandmother, I do not wish to do anything that is displeasing to you, but I am going to keep Loreen here to-night, and longer if I think it is best."

"Then you can answer for the consequences. I do not stay in the same house with a miserable —" Mme. Page lost her self control. Virginia stopped her before she could speak the next word.

"Grandmother, this house is mine. It is your home with me as long as you choose to remain. But in this matter I shall act as I fully believe Jesus would in my place. I am willing to bear all that society may say or do. Society is not my God. By the side of this poor lost soul I do not count the verdict of society as of any value."

"I shall not stay here then," said Mme. Page. She turned suddenly and walked to the end of the hall. She then came back and said, with an emphasis that revealed her intense excitement and passion:

"You can always remember that you have driven your grandmother out of your house in favor of a drunken woman." Then without waiting for Virginia to reply she turned again and went up stairs.

Virginia called for a servant and soon had Loreen cared for. She was fast lapsing into a wretched condition. During the brief scene in the hall she had clung to Virginia so hard that Virginia's arm was sore from the clutch of the girl's fingers.

Virginia did not know whether her grandmother would leave the house or not. She had abundant means of her own, was perfectly well and vigorous and capable of caring for herself. She had sisters and brothers living in the south and was in the habit of spending several weeks in the year with them. Virginia was not anxious about her welfare so far as that went, but the interview had been a painful one to her. Going over it as she did in her room before she went down to tea, she found little cause for regret, however. "What would Jesus do?" There was no question in Virginia's mind that she had done the right thing. If she had made a mistake, it was one of the judgment and not of the heart. When the bell rang for tea, she went down, and her grandmother did not appear. She sent a servant to her room, and the servant brought back word that Mme. Page was not there. A few minutes later Rollin came in. He brought word that his grandmother had taken the evening train for the south. He had been at the station to see some friends off and had by chance met his grandmother as he was coming out. She told him her reason for going.

Virginia and Rollin confronted each other at the table with earnest, sad faces.

"Rollin," said Virginia, and for the first time almost since his conversion she realized what a wonderful thing her brother's change of life meant to her, "do you blame me? Am I wrong?"

"No, dear. I cannot believe you are. This is very painful for us, but if you think this poor creature owes her safety and salvation to your personal care it was the only thing for you to do. Oh, Virginia, to think that we have all these years enjoyed our beautiful home and all these luxuries selfishly, forgetful of the multitude like this woman. Surely Jesus in our places would do what you have done."

And so Rollin comforted Virginia and counseled with her that evening, and of all the wonderful changes that Virginia was henceforth to [illegible] man in Christ was a new creature. Old things were passed away. Behold, all things to him had become new!

Dr. West came that evening at Virginia's summons and did everything necessary for the outcast. She had drunk herself almost into delirium. The best that could be done for her now were quiet nursing and careful watching and personal love. So in a beautiful room, with a picture of Christ walking by the sea hanging on the wall, where her bewildered eyes caught daily something more of its hidden meaning, Loreen lay, tossed she hardly knew how into this haven, and Virginia crept nearer the Master than she had ever been as her heart went out toward this wreck which had thus been flung torn and beaten at her feet.

Meanwhile the Rectangle waited the issue of the election with more than usual interest, and Gray and his wife wept over the pitiable creatures who, after a struggle with surroundings that daily tempted them, too often wearied of the struggle and, like Loreen, threw up their arms and went whirling into the boiling abyss of their previous condition.

The after meeting at the First church was now regularly established. Henry Maxwell went into the lecture room on the Sunday succeeding the week of the primary and was greeted with an enthusiasm that made him tremble at first for its reality. He noted again the absence of Jasper Chase, but all the others were present, and they seemed drawn very close together by a bond of common fellowship that demanded and enjoyed mutual confidences. It was the general feeling that the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of very open, frank confession of experience. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Edward Norman to be telling all the rest of the company about the details of his newspaper.

"The fact is, I have lost a good deal of money during the last three weeks. I cannot tell how much. I am losing a great many subscribers every day."

"What do the subscribers give as their reason for dropping the paper?" asked Henry Maxwell. All the rest were listening eagerly.

"There are a good many different reasons. Some say they want a paper that prints all the news, meaning by that the crime details, sensations like prizefights, scandals and horrors of various kinds. Others object to the discontinuance of the Sunday edition. I have lost hundreds of subscribers by that action, although I have made satisfactory arrangements with many of the old subscribers by giving even more in the extra Saturday edition than they formerly had in the Sunday issue. My greatest loss has come from a falling off in advertisements and from the attitude I have felt obliged to take on political questions. This last action has really cost me more than any other. The bulk of my subscribers are intensely partisan. I may as well tell you all frankly that if I continue to pursue the plan which I honestly believe Jesus would in the matter of political issues and their treatment from a nonpartisan and moral standpoint The News will not be able to pay its operating expenses unless one factor in Raymond can be depended on."

He paused a moment, and the room was very quiet. Virginia seemed specially interested. Her face glowed with interest. It was like the interest of a person who had been thinking hard of the same thing Norman went on now to mention.

"That one factor is the Christian element in Raymond. Say The News has lost heavily from the dropping off of people who do not care for a Christian daily and from others who simply look upon a newspaper as a purveyor of all sorts of material to amuse and interest them, are there enough genuine Christian people in Raymond who will rally to the support of a paper such as Jesus would probably edit, or are the habits of the people so firmly established in their demands for the regular type of journalism that they will not take a paper unless it is stripped largely of the Christian and moral purpose? I may also say in this fellowship gathering that owing to recent complications in my business affairs outside of my paper, I have been obliged to lose a large part of my fortune. I have had to apply the same rule of Jesus' probable conduct to certain transactions with other men who did not apply it to their conduct, and the result has been the loss of a great deal of money.

"As I understand the promise we made we were not to ask any questions about 'Will it pay?' but all our action was to be based on the one question 'What would Jesus do?' Acting on that rule of conduct I have been obliged to lose nearly all the money I have accumulated in my paper. It is not necessary for me to go into details. There is no question with me now after the three weeks' experience I have had that a great many men would lose vast sums of money under the present system of business if this rule of Jesus were honestly obeyed. I mention my loss here because I have the fullest faith in the final success of a daily paper conducted on the lines I have recently laid down, and I had planned to put into it my entire fortune in order to win final success. As it is now, unless, as I said, the Christian people of Raymond, the church members and professing disciples, will support the paper with subscriptions and advertisements, I cannot continue its publication on the present basis."

Virginia asked a question. She had followed Mr. Norman's confession with the most intense eagerness.

"Do you mean that a Christian daily ought to be endowed with a large sum like a Christian college in order to make it pay?"

"That is exactly what I mean. I have laid out plans for putting into The News such a variety of material in such a strong and truly interesting way that it would more than make up for whatever was absent from its columns in the way of un-Christian matter, but my plans called for a very large outlay of money. I am very confident that a Christian daily such as Jesus would approve, containing only what he would print, can be made to succeed financially if it is planned to the right lines, but it will take a large sum of money to work out the plans."

"How much do you think?" asked Virginia quietly.

Edward Norman looked at her keenly, and his face flushed a moment as an idea of Virginia's purpose crossed his mind. He had known her when she was a little girl in the Sunday school, and he had been on intimate relations in business with her father.

"I should say a half million dollars in a town like Raymond could be well spent in the establishment of a paper such as we have in mind," he answered, and his voice trembled a little. The keen look on Edward Norman's grizzled face flashed out with a stern but thoroughly Christian anticipation of great achievements in the world of newspaper life as it had opened up to him within the last few seconds.

"Then," said Virginia, speaking as if the thought were fully considered, "I am ready to put that amount of money into the paper on the one condition, of course, that it be carried on as it has been begun."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry Maxwell softly. Edward Norman was pale. The rest were looking at Virginia. She had more to say.

"Dear friends," she went on, and there was a sadness in her voice that made an impression on the rest that deepened when they thought it over afterward, "I do not want any of you to credit me with an act of great generosity or philanthropy. I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of his, see some wise way to invest his money, it is not an occasion of vainglory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest in my administration of the funds he has asked me to use for his glory. I have been thinking of this very plan for some time. The fact is, dear friends, that in our coming fight with the whisky power in Raymond, and it has only just begun, we shall need The News to champion the Christian side. You all know that all the other papers are for the saloon. As long as the saloon exists the work of rescuing dying souls at the Rectangle is carried on at a terrible disadvantage. What can Mr. Gray do with his gospel meetings when half his converts are drinking people, daily tempted and enticed by the saloon on every corner? The Christian daily we must have. It would be giving up to the enemy to have The News fail. I have great confidence in Mr. Norman's ability. I have not seen his plans, but I have the confidence that he has in making the paper succeed if it is carried forward on a large enough scale.

"I cannot believe that Christian intelligence in journalism will be inferior to un-Christian intelligence, even when it comes to making the paper pay financially. So that is my reason for putting this money—God's, not mine—into this powerful agent for doing as Jesus would. If we can keep such a paper going for one year, I shall be willing to see that amount of money used in the experiment. Do not thank me. Do not consider my promise a wonderful thing. What have I done with God's money all these years but gratify my own selfish physical personal desires? What can I do with the rest of it but try to make some reparation for what I have stolen from God? That is the way I look at it now. I believe it is what Jesus would do."

Over the lecture room swept that unseen yet distinctly felt wave of Divine presence. No one spoke for awhile. Henry Maxwell, standing there where the faces lifted their intense gaze into his, felt what he had already felt before—a strange setting back out of the nineteenth century into the first, when the disciples had all things in common and a spirit of fellowship must have flowed freely between them such as the First church of Raymond had never known. How much had his church membership known of this fellowship in daily interests before this little company had begun to do as Jesus would do? It was with difficulty that he thought of his present age and its surroundings. The same thought was present with all the rest also. There was an unspoken comradeship such as they had never known. It was present with them while Virginia was speaking and during the silence that followed. If it had been defined by any one of them it would perhaps have taken some such shape as this:

"If I shall in the course of my obedience to my promise meet with loss or trouble in the world, I can depend upon the genuine, practical sympathy and fellowship of any other Christian in this room who has with me made the pledge to do all things by the rule, 'What would Jesus do?'"

All this the distinct wave of spiritual power expressed. It had the effect that a physical miracle may have had on the early disciples in giving them a feeling of confidence in their Lord that helped them to face loss and martyrdom with courage and even joy.

Before they went away this time there were several confidences like those of Edward Norman. Some of the young men told of the loss of places owing to their honest obedience to their promise. Alexander Powers spoke briefly of the fact that the commission had promised to take action at the earliest date possible.

He was already at his old work of telegraphy. It was a significant fact that since his action in resigning his position neither his wife nor daughter had appeared in public. No one but himself knew the bitterness of that family estrangement and misunderstanding of the higher motive. Yet many of the disciples present in the meeting carried similar burdens. These were things which they could not talk about. Henry Maxwell, from his knowledge of his church people, could almost certainly know that obedience to this pledge had produced in the heart of families separation of sympathy and even the introduction of enmity and hatred. Truly "a man's foes are they of his own household" when the rule of Jesus is obeyed by some and disobeyed by others. Jesus is a great divider of life. One must walk either parallel with him or directly across his path.

But more than any other feeling at this meeting rose the tide of fellowship for one another. Henry Maxwell watched it, trembling for its climax, which he knew was not yet reached. When it was where would it lead them? He did not know, but he was not unduly alarmed about it, only he watched with growing wonder the results of that simple promise as it was being obeyed in these various lives. Those results were already being felt all over the city. Who could measure their influence at the end of the year?

One practical form of this fellowship showed itself in the assurances which Edward Norman received in support of his paper. There was a general flocking toward him when the meeting closed, and the response to his appeal for help from the Christian disciples in Raymond was fully understood by this little company. The value of such a paper in the homes and in behalf of good citizenship, especially at the present crisis in the city, could not be measured. It remained to be seen what could be done now that the paper was endowed so liberally. But it still was true, as Edward Norman insisted, that money alone could not make the paper a power. It must receive the support and sympathy of the Christians in Raymond before it could be counted as one of the great Christian forces of the city.

The week that followed this Sunday meeting was one of great excitement in Raymond. It was the week of the election. Donald Marsh, true to his promise, took up his cross and bore it manfully, but with shuddering, with groans and even tears, for his deepest conviction was touched, and he tore himself out of the scholarly seclusion of years with pain and anguish that cost him more than anything he had ever done as a follower of Christ. With him were a few of the college professors who had made the pledge in the First church. Their experience and suffering were the same as the president's, for their isolation from all the duties of citizenship had been the same. The same was also true of Henry Maxwell, who plunged into the horror of this fight against whisky and its allies with a sickening dread of each day's encounter with it. Never had he borne such a cross. He staggered under it, and in the brief intervals when he came in from the work and sought the quiet of his study for rest the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt the actual terror of one who marches into unseen, unknown horrors. Looking back on it afterward he was amazed at his experience. He was not a coward, but he felt a dread that any man of his habits feels when confronted suddenly with a duty which carries with it the doing of certain things so unfamiliar that the actual details connected with it betray his ignorance and fill him with the shame of humiliation.

When Saturday, the election day, came, the excitement rose to its height. An attempt was made to close all the saloons. It was partly successful, but there was a great deal of drinking going on all day. The Rectangle boiled and heaved and cursed and turned its worst side out to the gaze of the city. Gray had continued his meetings during the week, and the results had been even greater than he had dared to hope. When Saturday came it seemed to him that the crisis in his work had been reached. The Holy Spirit and the satan of rum seemed to rouse up to a desperate conflict. The more interest in the meetings the more ferocity and vileness outside. The saloon men no longer concealed their feelings. Open threats of violence were made. Once during the week Gray and his little company of helpers were assailed with missiles of various kinds as they left the tent late at night. The police sent down special protection, and Virginia and Rachel were always under the protection of Rollin or Dr. West. Rachel's power in song had not diminished. Rather with each night it seemed to add to the intensity and reality of the Spirit's presence.

Gray had at first hesitated about having a meeting that night, but he had a simple rule of action and was always guided by it. The Spirit seemed to lead them to continue the meeting, and so Saturday night he went on, as usual.

The excitement all over the city had reached its climax when the polls closed at 6 o'clock. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard of thing that the president of Lincoln college, the pastor of the First church, the dean of the cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard should come personally into the wards and by their presence and their example represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished at the sight. However, their astonishment did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour, and when 6 o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

It was after 10 o'clock when the meeting at the tent was closed. It had been a strange and in some respects a remarkable meeting. Henry Maxwell had come down again at Gray's request. He was completely worn out by the day's work, but the appeal from Gray came to him in such a form that he did not feel able to resist it. Donald Marsh was also present. He had never been to the Rectangle, and his curiosity was aroused from what he had noticed of the influence of the evangelist in the worst part of the city. Dr. West and Rollin had come with Rachel and Virginia, and Loreen, who had staid with Virginia, was present near the organ, in her right mind, sober, with a humility and dread of herself that kept her as close to Virginia as a faithful dog. All through the service Loreen sat with bowed head, weeping a part of the time, sobbing when Rachel sang the song "I was a wandering sheep," clinging with almost visible, tangible yearning to the one hope she had found, listening to prayer and appeal and confession all about her like one who was a part of a new creation, yet fearful of her right to share in it fully.

The tent had been crowded. As on some other occasions there was more or less disturbance on the outside of the tent. This had increased as the night advanced, and Gray thought it wise not to prolong the service. Once in awhile a shout as from a large crowd swept into the tent. The returns from the election were beginning to come in, and the Rectangle had emptied every lodging house, den and hovel into the streets.

In spite of the distractions Rachel's singing kept the crowd in the tent from dissolving. There were a dozen or more conversions. Finally the crowd became restless, and Gray closed the service, remaining a little while with the converts.

Rachel, Virginia, Loreen, Rollin and the doctor, President Marsh and Henry Maxwell went out together, intending to go down to their usual waiting place for their car. As they came out of the tent they at once were aware that the Rectangle was trembling on the edge of a drunken riot, and as they pushed through the gathering mobs in the narrow streets they began to realize that they themselves were objects of great attention.

"There he is, the bloke in the tall hat. He's the leader!" shouted a rough voice. President Marsh, with his erect, commanding figure, was conspicuous in the little company.

"How has the election gone? It is too early to know the result yet, isn't it?" He asked the question aloud, and a man answered, "They say second and third wards have gone almost solid for no license. If that is so, the whisky men have been beaten."

"Thank God! I hope it is true," exclaimed Henry Maxwell. "Marsh, we are in danger here. Do you realize our situation? We ought to get the ladies to a place of safety."

"That is true," said Marsh gravely. At that moment a shower of stones and other missiles fell over them. The narrow street and sidewalk in front of them were completely choked with the worst elements of the Rectangle.

"This looks serious," said Maxwell. With Marsh and Rollin and Dr. West he started to go forward through the small opening, Virginia, Rachel and Loreen following close and sheltered by the men, who now realized something of their danger. The Rectangle was drunk and enraged. It saw in Donald Marsh and Henry Maxwell two of the leaders in the election contest who had perhaps robbed them of their beloved saloon.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a shrill voice, more like a woman's than a man's.

A shower of mud and stones followed. Rachel remembered afterward that Rollin jumped directly in front of her and received on his head and chest a number of blows that would probably have struck her if he had not shielded her from them.

And just then, before the police reached them, Loreen darted forward at the side of Virginia and pushed her aside, looking up and screaming. It was so sudden that no one had time to catch the face of the one who did it. But out of the upper window of a room over the very saloon where Loreen had come out a week before some one had thrown a heavy bottle. It struck Loreen on the head, and she fell to the ground. Virginia turned and instantly kneeled down by her. The police officers by that time had reached the little company.

Donald Marsh raised his arm and shouted over the howl that was beginning to rise from the wild beast in the mob:

"Stop! You've killed a woman!"

The announcement partly sobered the crowd.

"Is it true?" Henry Maxwell asked as Dr. West kneeled on the other side of Loreen, supporting her.

"She's dying!" said Dr. West briefly.

Loreen opened her eyes and smiled at Virginia. Virginia wiped the blood from her face and then bent over and kissed her. Loreen smiled again, and the next moment her soul was in paradise.

And yet this is only one woman out of thousands killed by this drink devil. Crowd back now, ye sinful men and women in this filthy street! Let this august dead form be borne through your stupefied, sobered ranks. She was one of your own children. The Rectangle had stamped the image of the beast on her. Thank him who died for sinners that the other image of a new soul now shines out of her pale clay. Crowd back! Give them room! Let her pass reverently, followed and surrounded by the weeping, awestruck company of Christians. Ye killed her, ye drunken murderers! And yet, and yet, O Christian America, who killed this woman? Stand back! Silence there! A woman has been killed! Who? Loreen, child of the streets—poor, drunken, vile sinner! O Lord God, how long? Yes, the saloon killed her—that is, the voters in Christian America who license the saloon. And the judgment day only shall declare who was the murderer of Loreen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FUN FOR THE BIRD

How a Raven Tormented and Punished a Greedy Pug Dog.

The greediest and most conceited pug that ever lived [illegible] was Suto. The sight of anything eating [illegible] was agony to him. A large raven was kept in a cage in the garden of Suto's owner—a raven gifted with satanic cunning and love of mischief. The pug was the butt of his malicious fancy.

Daily at 3 o'clock the raven was given a lump of steak, and Suto would always be hovering about at the time. He hovered near everything eatable. The raven knew his shameful greediness and made fine sport of it. At first Suto, though in torments of gluttony, would feign indifference. The raven would put the steak close against the wires, and Suto's agony would get past bearing. Then the raven retired with a chuckle. At this all Suto's self control was gone, and he plunged at the wires in a mad attempt to snatch the meat.

Of course the thing was hopeless. His blunt nose could never penetrate the wire netting. But the raven's beak could. Instantly the bird would swoop on him and drive in one on that greedy pug's nose. With that Suto would hurl himself furiously at the raven—hopelessly ever, for he could never touch the tormentor. The tormentor, in fact, danced and jumped in an ecstasy of delight, driving in dig after dig at the dog's unhappy countenance and getting well home at every dig till at last poor Suto retired, pecked and beaten. Then the raven, happy and content, his appetite well whetted, swallowed his steak at one gulp, while Suto hid behind a tree or anything else opaque, that he might not have the pain of witnessing the operation. Day after day the performance was repeated in every detail, and the dog must have known what would happen every time, yet his master passion of gluttony was too strong for him—he could not keep his nose away from that meat.—Chicago News.

CURED BY LEOPARDS.

The Dying Man Suddenly Recovered His Health and Speed.

In "Lumsden of the Guides" there is an interesting story, says the London Chronicle, of the rescue by Lieutenant Peyton of her majesty's Eighty-seventh of a young Pathan who had fallen into the Kabul river. The lad's father in his gratitude came down from his home in Independent Territory and as a thank offering presented Peyton with two young leopard cubs. Peyton, being an executive engineer and constantly on the move, could make no home for them and gave them to Lumsden, who himself told me what follows, and it seems to me worth preserving, as leopards seldom have an opportunity of assisting in a criminal investigation. The animals were too young to be dangerous and were allowed their liberty.

One day Lumsden was holding his court in Yusufzai, when in the middle of a case there was an uproar and the two sides in an affray case poured into the court, and, as always happens, each side accused the other of being entirely in fault. One party, to improve its case, brought a dying man on a native bed. A blood stained sheet was removed, showing a much belabored man, who appeared to be at the last gasp. Lumsden had the bed put down in court and went on with the interrupted case. Just then the young leopards sauntered in, probably attracted by the scent of blood, and, moving gently around the court, approached the bed and began sniffing at the wounded man, who miraculously recovered, jumped from the bed and fled rapidly.

As Represented.

Hardacre—Zeke answered an advertisement what they said they'd send him a church organ for a dollar.

Crawfoot—What did he get?

Hardacre—A sample copy of The New Light marked "This is the best church organ published."—Chicago News.

Found at Last.

Proprietor—I'm looking for a man I can trust.

Applicant—We'll get along then. For ten years I've done nothing but look for a man that would trust me.—Detroit Free Press.

It Saved Her Life.

Mrs. Mamie Smith, M[illegible], Ky., writes: "My little sister had the croup very bad. I gave her several doses of Foley's Honey and Tar and she was instantly relieved. It saved her life." J. K. Hogarth & Co.

"If you scour the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Fackler, of the Micanopy, Fla., "Hustler." It cured his family of La Grippe and saves thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles. J. K. Hogarth & Co.

McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $50.00 per annum, or $1.00 per inch, per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra will be charged for short contracts.

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Legal advertisements, 7½ cts per line for first insertion, and 5 cts per line for each additional insertion.

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Cards of thanks, $1.00 each, payable in advance.

Assessors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each, for six insertions.

Address all communications to

BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1899.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

STATE.

FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE,
HON. J. HAY BROWN,
of Lancaster.

FOR SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE,
HON. JOSIAH R. ADAMS,
of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
LIEUT.-COL. JAMES M. BARNETT,
of Washington Co.

COUNTY.

FOR PROTHONOTARY, ETC.,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR SHERIFF,
WILLIAM B. CLARKE.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
JOHN P. MELVIN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ALBERT PETERSON,
A. M. BOARDMAN.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
A. LINCOLN GALLUP,
J. LESTER WARD.

Smash the machine ring.

ADMIRAL DEWEY doesn't seem to think the United States government is making any mistake in making its control of the Philippines complete and permanent.

THE exports of the calendar year 1899 are likely to be the largest in our history, in spite of the doleful predictions made as to the prospective effect of the Dingley law upon our foreign markets.

THE Republicans of the first congressional district of Maine last Thursday nominated Amos L. Allen to succeed Hon. T. B. Reed in congress. Mr. Allen is a firm supporter of the national administration policy.

IT must make President McKinley laugh to observe the eagerness of Quay and the machine in Pennsylvania to save itself from sinking into the quagmire of rotten politics by clinging to the skirts of the national administration.

"IN all the two years and a half that I have sat at the cabinet table," said Secretary Long the other day, "I have never seen President McKinley give the slightest sign of irritation or impatience, even when he was under great stress and in trying circumstances. On the contrary, he has always been patient, and even cheerful. He is the most amiable of men."

THE Bryan element in Massachusetts has succeeded in naming a Bryan and free silver delegation for the Democratic national convention, and in doing so have alienated enough Democrats and independents to assure Republican success in that State. Two or more of the men nominated on the State ticket by the Bryan convention have indignantly refused to run on the free silver platform enunciated.

THE bribery cases at Harrisburg were continued until January in the hope that the Quay faction might benefit by the delay and as many of Quay's henchmen be elected as possible. Quay and his boodlers were afraid of the disclosures that were bound to come out at that trial, hence the continuance. Everything, even the courts must be brought into line in order to advance the interests of the machine.

MR. GEORGE W. MITCHELL, the popular prothonotary who is a candidate for re-election with the political election, is in the city. Mr. Mitchell is well situation in the county and is not permitting himself to lose any sleep on account of the unfriendly notices which occasionally appear in uncongenial newspapers. Bradford Era of Saturday.

Judging from the above the situation changes somewhat. But the MINER is inclined to believe that Mr. Mitchell's situation in November will somewhat resemble the foregoing clipping.

GOV. STONE is sorry now that he appointed Mat Quay as U. S. Senator to the vacancy. He imagines that if an extra session was called now, that possibly some of the independent Republicans might vote for the boss. In the Governor's zeal for the boss he is at a loss what to do. If he calls an extra session of the Legislature he says very plainly that he was in error last spring when he made the appointment, and exceeded his authority in so doing. Gov. Stone will soon discover that it is a sorry task to be the tool of an unscrupulous boss, and, in attempting to tide Quay and his rotten machine over the breakers, the chances are that Stone will go down in the wreck. Quay and his machine are doomed in Pennsylvania, and the sooner Governor Stone discovers this fact the better it will be for him.

THE Kane Republican has the following to say in regard to our able candidates for county commissioner. The MINER heartily endorses the sentiment: "The candidates for county commissioner on the Republican ticket in this county are exceptionally strong. It would be very difficult to have selected two more thoroughly representative business men than Messrs. Peterson and Boardman. They are not only men of high personal character but have had a large and varied experience in the practical affairs of life. They are exactly the character of citizens who should be chosen to look after the financial affairs of the county and see that the money of the taxpayer is not frittered away on unnecessary expenses. They are deserving of and will undoubtedly receive the full Republican vote together with those of many reputable Democrats, who are disgusted with the internal dissensions prevailing in their party."

THE esteemed Bradford Post, as usual is off in its deductions. It takes the MINER to task for advocating the election of W. B. Clarke for sheriff and opposing the election of G. W. Mitchell for prothonotary and T. F. Hungiville for commissioner, the first being a Republican and the last a Democrat. The MINER opposes Mr. Mitchell on the grounds of his attempting to be a boss and leaving no stone unturned to further the nefarious schemes of Quay to more firmly bind the Republicans of Pennsylvania in slavery. As a neighbor and friend the MINER has no objection to Mr. Mitchell, but when he so far forgets himself in his energy to serve Boss Quay, as to attempt to starve the MINER out because it will not wear Quay's regalia the question assumes a different aspect, and any Republican who will sell his blood bought privilege to install such machine methods in power in the State does not deserve the ballot. Mr. Hungiville is but another sample of the same stripe under the name of a Democrat. He aspires to be a boss. His mentors, J. C. Sibley and Frank Collins, did not hesitate to devote a good share of their time last winter to secure the election of Quay to the U. S. Senate. These two men, Mitchell and Hungiville, are whistling through the same quill. Each seeks to be the boss of his party and then get together and divide the spoils. The sooner the voters of both parties in McKean county get their eyes open to the fact that they are being made tools of by these would-be leaders the better it will be for all concerned. Mr. Clarke is a true Republican. He does not aspire to be a boss. He simply comes before the people in a straightforward manner and presents his claims to the people, and they will elect such a Republican by a large majority. It is twelve years since Mr. Clarke asked the votes of any Republican to place him in office and he never asked any McKean county Republican to vote for him, previous to that time. Because he possesses such rare business qualifications that sheriffs in office solicit his aid as deputy only adds another feather to his crown and proves him to be the proper man for the place.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2, 1899.

It is not surprising that two of the most popular men in the U. S.—President McKinley and Admiral Dewey—standing side by side on a platform made to imitate the prow of a war ship, to review the big civic parade, which inaugurated the Dewey festivities in Washington, should have aroused such enthusiasm as was never before seen on the streets of Washington. It was an occasion calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of every American.

The scene presented when Admiral Dewey arrived at the White House, whither he was escorted from the railway station, by a troop of regular cavalry, was one worthy to be preserved for future generations in a historical picture. The President and every member of the Cabinet was there to meet him. The Admiral was met at the door by Secretary Long, who escorted him to the President. The hearty hand shake of the President and the Admiral and the admiration on the faces of both as they looked into each other's eyes will never be forgotten by those who were present. There was a general jollification for a few minutes, after which the party started for the reviewing stand, amid the plaudits of thousands.

The Governor of Louisiana having informed the Department of Justice that he could not submit an official report on the killing of five Italians at Tallulah some months ago, until the grand jury, which will not meet until January, investigates the case, Attorney General Griggs has sent a special agent of the Department to make an official inquiry, in order that all the obtainable facts shall be on hand when Congress meets. The Italian authorities have made an investigation of the killing of these men, and will claim indemnity, and get it for several of them, unless it can be shown that their report is incorrect.

According to Judge A. L. Kramler of Indiana, who is good authority, that state is safely and permanently anchored in the Republican harbor, because of the growth of its manufacturing interests and the general good times, speaking of which he said: "Our people are enjoying a flood tide of prosperity. Everybody is satisfied with current conditions. Money is plentiful, crops are immense, and the demand for labor is unprecedented. In the West there is overwhelming approval of President McKinley's Philippine policy. I read of objectors to that policy in the East, but we have no Hoars or Atkinsons in our section. The sentiment is well nigh universal that the Filipinos deserve punishment, and they are going to get it."

Judge D. K. Watson, formerly a member of the house from the Columbus district, and now engaged in legal work for the government, has accepted an invitation to take the stump in Ohio. Just before he left Washington, he said: "I think I know Ohio, and I tell you our people are in favor of standing by the flag. That's the first thing in all this war—standing by the flag! We must establish the supremacy of the U.S. over there. There is no getting out of it. We simply can't afford to come running back from the Philippines with our heads bowed in shame and our flag trailing in the dust. There is but one thing to do, and that is to fight it out just as the President has planned."

Secretary Long is inclined to be amused over the claims put forward by the friends of several gentlemen of credit for the selection of Dewey to command the Asiatic squadron. While Senators and other prominent men wrote Secretary Long recommending Dewey's assignment to that command, just as others wrote in behalf of other officers, the Secretary says the selection was a natural one and would have been made if not an outside word had been said. As to who is entitled to the credit of the assignment, which produced so much glory for Dewey and for the country, Secretary Long said: "The credit of it belongs to no human being except Dewey himself, who, by reason of his special fitness, by rank, by his turn to go to sea, and by his meritorious qualifications, was the natural designation of the Bureau of Navigation."

The action of Secretary Root in sending General Theodore Schwan, who, in addition to having a reputation as one of the best executive officers in the army, is also a good lawyer, to the Philippines as Chief of Staff and Principal Assistant to the Military Governor, means that Gen. Otis, who has also been given a number of additional staff officers, is to have more time to devote to the purely military movements of the coming campaign. It should also put a stop to the constantly reiterated stories intimating an intention either to relieve Gen. Otis or to put some other officer in command of the fighting. There has never been any intention on the part of the President or Secretary Root to do either.

President McKinley has approved the sentence of the Carter court martial, dismissal from the army and five year's imprisonment, and Carter has been locked up. Thus ends a case which a certain kind of Democrats have tried to make political capital out of.

QUAY [illegible].

Former Senator Quay, who is reported to be in low spirits, did not send for the North American correspondent and ask to be interviewed on the great issues of the day, but had he done so he doubtless would have spoken substantially as follows:

"What's got into those Democrats, anyway? A year ago they wouldn't have dared to treat me as they're doing. And its the same with everybody. They're taking advantage of me because those infernal insurgents humiliated me as they did by preventing my re-election. It's the old story of turning your back on the setting and saluting the rising sun. If this sort of thing goes on pretty soon I'll have no friends?

"Governor Stone—"

"Don't mention that man's name to me! He's a fly blister on my temper, sir. He does a thing but talk, and it's infectious, for here are the Democrats wanting to talk, too. Joint debate on the issues is what they demanded—joint debate! That fellow Rilling needs looking after. He'll either have to be provided for or smashed. Joint debate indeed! Joint debate about what? The State treasury, by Jove, and other things that the less that's said about 'em the better. I suppose it would please Creasy and his crowd to have us help to lift the lid off the kettle, but they'll be disappointed. Reeder has obeyed orders and told 'em to go hang. A dignified reticence is what I believe in. Wrap the stars and stripes around the treasury and let it go at that. A nice row would be raised, wouldn't it, if we sent out our speakers to discuss things on the same stumps with the Democrats! I'll have no more talking than I can get along without. There's Reeder, now. I had to call him down. He's bitten with the idea that he's an orator and ached to display his powers. But I corked him.

"I know what the enemy wants, and they shan't be accommodated. It isn't the indemnity bond chestnut, nor my drags at the sack of the sugar trust, nor the Standard Oil's contributions to the cause of good government, nor our little deals on the outside with capital drawn from the State treasury that they really hanker to discuss. Said I to Reeder:

"'You lie low. Once get on your hind legs at a public meeting and you won't hear anything from the audience except howls of inquiry about the State Insurance Company.' That settled Reeder. But it's Adams they want to riddle. I told the boys he wouldn't do, but they insisted on having him. And now we've got him the only thing to do is to keep still. People who don't know our style may wonder how we can let a judicial candidate be hammered on the personal honesty point and make no response. But if talking's worse than silence what's the use of attempting a defence? It don't do to bid farewell to ordinary sense even in a campaign. The enemy says: 'Adams took that fee from the Church man widow, who charged him with extortion, and a court decided she was right.' And what do we say in reply? Nothing. Why? For the best of all reasons—there isn't anything to say. They charge him with being mixed up in queer receivership deals. Let 'em. Dignified silence is our strong hold.

"They haven't begun on Adams yet. I know that, and I knew how it would be when we nominated him, but we'll say nothing. We'll wrap the stars and stripes around him as we do around the State treasury, and yell 'Treason!' if we do have to use our voices.

"I love the flag," said the great man thoughtfully, "and I have cause. It has done a great deal for me, and I hope to see it do more. Its folds are large, larger than charity's, and its covering capacity excites in me the most grateful emotions. You are aware that it is being fired on in the Philippines? Yes? That is terrible; isn't it? And yet that dastardly assault upon Old Glory is not without its compensations. The sound of the firing distracts attention from me, and I needn't tell you as a Pennsylvanian that that is water on my wheel. All other duties become subordinate to protecting the flag, young man. Viewed thus, I'm free to say that this Philippine war is nothing less than a bonanza for me and the rest of the boys. Look at the way Roosevelt is using it in Ohio. There's a debater for you now! If I had a few of his kind here I'd take up that Rilling challenge. When Teddy gets to working his gatling gun on the stump you can't get time to think for the excitement. In Ohio—"

"I understand that Governor Stone is going out to help Roosevelt in Ohio," said the correspondent.

"Well," said the great man, chuckling, "Stone had to talk somewhere, and as I wouldn't let him talk here, he's volunteered to drench Ohio with the fiery flood of his thought. Hanna's hot. He's written to ask me if I'm trying to get even for being turn'd down in my anti-McKinley enterprise in '96, and he implores me to keep Stone at home."

"And will you?"

"Certainly not. McLean has no show in Ohio, so Stone can't hurt, no matter what he says. Hanna's wild. He says Stone's an ass."

"But you've said the same thing yourself," the correspondent reminded him.

"As to some things Senator Hanna and I differ," replied the great man, "but on all essential matters we are of one mind. I made Stone, and he's my Governor, but there's nothing I wouldn't do for Hanna. I've written that he can keep Stone."

Mr. Quay is not in the best of health. His eye, the good one has a worried look.

PRESIDENT THEODORE SCHAFFER of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers Association, testified before the Industrial Commission at Washington the other day, that the trusts have been beneficial to the iron, steel and tin-plate workers, and added that he had so much respect for these great aggregations of capital that he would not call them "trusts."

A Lima Man's Testimony.

I have obtained excellent results from the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. I relieved my back ache and severe pain over the hips. It toned up my system and gave me new vim and energy. I regard it as an honest and reliable remedy for all kidney diseases. It makes no false claims but does what it says when given a fair trial. I certainly recommend it. Wm. Finn, 447 Elida Road, Lima, Ohio. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Having procured the services of H. M. Smith, practical watchmaker, optician and jeweler, I am prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewelry repair work and guarantee satisfaction. Bring in your watches, clocks and jewelry and get in line for the opening of our new railroads Nov 1st. Respectfully,

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

"When our boys were almost dead from whooping cough, our doctor gave One Minute Cough Cure. They recovered rapidly," writes P. B. Belles, Argyle, Pa. It cures coughs, colds, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Tex., says: "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have about 50 beautiful gold fish for sale. They are beauts and no mistake. Come early and secure first choice. 2t

You ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is Foley's Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

PROF. COLES FOR OCTOBER.

A more remarkable conjunction of the planets than has occurred for six thousand years will take place in October, November and December of this year. It will not be a perfect conjunction, but on the 21st of the present month Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus and Mercury will be near heliocentric longitude 250, or on that side of the sun near where the earth is on June 1st. At the same time Neptune will be on the opposite side of the sun, or near where the earth is on December 1st. This places the sun and seven planets in line, and explains the meaning of what is called the great planetary conjunctions that is being discussed in all civilized countries. On December 1st the earth will have moved into line and will be part of the great conjunctions. With the sun and six of the big planets arrayed against poor old mother earth, she will receive the awful punishment, we fear.

THE OCTOBER OUTLOOK.

The new moon occurs on the 4th at 2:07. The first aspects formed are a sxtile to Saturn and trine to Neptune. This favors a very favorable business outlook for the coming month. The vital forces being about equal in strength will cause the stock markets to fluctuate in prices and great excitement will prevail. The planets point to some great calamity in the Western or Northern part of the United States, and rumors in foreign countries of an unusual nature. The life of a great ruler will end during these planetary conjunctions and cause universal sorrow. Auroral lights, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions may startle the world. The "Yellow Jack" will continue to increase in virulence; and typhoid fever epidemics will again spread over the country. Dysentery will prevail among those born in sign Scorpio; and the "pink-eye" will trouble those born in the sign Sagittarius. "Rotten apple" placed over the eyes will cure the latter disease and the eating of a nutmeg, by the nibbling process, will cure the former. The "yellow jack" caused great consternation in the South last month, as our predictions foretold. The Bubonic plague will sweep its thousands to death this fall.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

The 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st will be good days to fish. Fish caught at any other time will not be in proper condition to be eaten by man. The fish caught on the 7th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 21th and 25th will be the finest flavored and tenderest of them all. Bleed the fish as soon as caught, for a fish that dies a natural death is no more fit to eat than a pig or a chicken that dies the same way. We will again send full directions for flower culture, grain sowing, fruit gathering and all such information free for postage, two stamps, this month. Pork killed on the 7th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 17th or 18th the meat will swell when boiled and when fried there will be scarcely enough grease come from it to run in the pan. Killed on the 21st, 23d, 24th or 31st the meat when cooked will fry all to grease. Those who do not believe in moon signs can be convinced by letting the moon shine on fresh butchered beef at nighttime; the meat will be green and putrid as carrion by morning.

THE STORMS AND SIGNS.

Last month many of the great storms were held at bay by the electrical and magnetic junctions being formed at sea, as the high flood vital forces ruled over the land. This month the vital forces are equally divided and therefore we may expect great meteorological disturbances on both land and sea. A great storm of stupendous dimensions is liable to jump up out of the ocean, as it were, at almost any time during these conjunctions, and sweep down upon us with a fury unprecedented. Let the sea coasters prepare for an ocean "sweeper;" and the inlanders for general storms, summer heat, cold waves, sleet and hail storms, phenomenal electrical storms, high gales, cloud bursts and great floods. Earthquakes will be reported this month, and strange lights will be seen around the sun and the moon. Watch out for one or two strange sunset scenes and several balls of fire that will dart across the heavens; and be not afraid, for they are but the result of natural causes. The world is not coming to an end yet!

PROF. C. COLES,
Editor Storms and Signs
Kingston, Pa., Sept. 19, 1899.

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swollen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequalled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Millions of dollars is the value placed by Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., on the life of her child, which she saved from croup by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures all coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have their ice cream parlor separate from store, with side entrance.

Window glass—any size—at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The MINER and Tribune, $1.25.

An Ordinance

Granting to the Union Telephone and Telegraph Company, a corporation organized under the laws of West Virginia and domiciled in Pennsylvania, its successors and assigns, the right to construct, operate and maintain a telephone system in the borough of Smethport, and for that purpose to enter upon and use the highways, streets and alleys of said borough for and during the term and period of ninety-nine years upon the terms and conditions herein contained.

Section 1. Be it enacted and ordained by the Chief Burgess and Town Council of the borough of Smethport, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same, that the Union Telephone and Telegraph Company, a corporation organized under the laws of West Virginia, and domiciled in Pennsylvania, be and is hereby authorized and empowered to enter upon and use the highways, streets and alleys of said borough for the purpose of erecting poles and stringing wires and cables thereon for telephonic purposes and to maintain and operate the same for and during the term and period of ninety-nine years from the passage of this ordinance, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter contained.

Section 2. All poles, wires, cables, fixtures and appliances of said telephone plant erected, placed or maintained in or over the streets, highways and alleys of said borough shall be located under the direction and supervision of the Chief Burgess and Town Council.

Section 3. The franchise hereby granted shall not be construed as depriving the said borough of the right to grant similar ones to any other person, firm, company or corporation.

Section 4. The said company shall save the said borough harmless from any and all damages caused by the erection, operation and maintenance of said company's plant in said borough.

Section 5. It is made a condition of the granting of this franchise that the said Union Telephone and Telegraph Company, its successors and assigns, will establish its exchange and have a good and sufficient telephone service in operation within the limits of said borough on or before April 1st, 1900.

This franchise is also granted upon the further condition that the subscribers of the Smethport Exchange of said company shall receive standard service and long-distance instruments at rates not exceeding thirty dollars per annum for business telephones on a single metallic circuit and twenty dollars per annum for house telephones on a single metallic circuit and twenty dollars per annum for business telephones on party lines, and sixteen dollars per annum for house telephones on party lines.

Section 6. There shall be provided and maintained by said company on top of its poles, or on the top cross-arms of its poles, necessary space, free of cost, charges and rental, to carry the wires now or hereafter owned or used by said borough for its fire alarm and police telegraph systems, and the agents and employees of said borough shall, at all times, have the right to replace and repair such wires.

Section 7. The said Union Telephone and Telegraph Company, its successors and assigns, shall not at any time consolidate the franchise hereby granted with any other company without the consent of the Chief Burgess and Town Council of said borough, under penalty of forfeiting this franchise.

Passed the 5th day of Sept., A. D. 1899.

JAMES V. McKEAN,
Pres. of Council.

[illegible]
Secretary.

Approved the 6th day of Sept., A. D. 1899.

[illegible], Chief Burgess.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary to the estate of Caroline Evans, late of Annin township, McKean county, Penn'a, deceased, have been issued to the undersigned executor. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment of such indebtedness at once, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement without delay.

[illegible], Executor.
Annin Creek, Pa., Sept. 3, 1899. 6t

A gallon of PURE LINSEED OIL mixed with a gallon of

Hammar Paint $1.20

makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD. Per gallon.

Saves 25 per cent

of money paid. Is far more durable than Pure White Lead and is Absolutely Not Poisonous. Hammar Paint is made of the best of Paint Materials—such as all good painters use, and is ground Thick, very Thick. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the Common Sense of House Paint. No better paint can be made at any cost.

Guaranteed 5 years

Not to Crack, Blister, Peel or Chip.

F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold and guaranteed by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Smethport, Penna.

Dealers in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

Estab. 1852.

I DO NOT ROB YOU. . . .

Does your bicycle need repairing? I can do it.
Does your lawn mower need sharpening? I can do it.
Remember I also do

Shear Sharpening,
Knife Grinding,
Umbrella Repairing,
Fitting Keys to Locks,

And guarantee my work to be first-class. The price is moderate. No robbery here.

A. B. Kidder,
Fulton Street. Smethport.

JONES & CHURCH
dealers in
Fresh and
Salt Meats,
Poultry, Fish
and Vegetables.

We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.

Main St, Smethport Pa,

Why? Pay a Big Price when you can obtain a fine
Portrait and Frame Right
at
Chas. G. Mesler's Studio,
Cor. Green & Pine Sts. Smethport, Pa.

MEADVILLE, PA., May 3, 1898.
To Whom it May Concern:
This is to certify that Mr. Charles G. Mesler made six pictures for me over a year ago that are perfectly satisfactory and have received praise from all that have seen them.
C. E. HALL.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

SUIT CASES
TRUNKS
TRAVELING BAGS
TELESCOPES

The best in town at prices that are as low as good articles can be sold for. You can get the best goods in this line where a specialty is made of this stock and you have a variety to select from.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

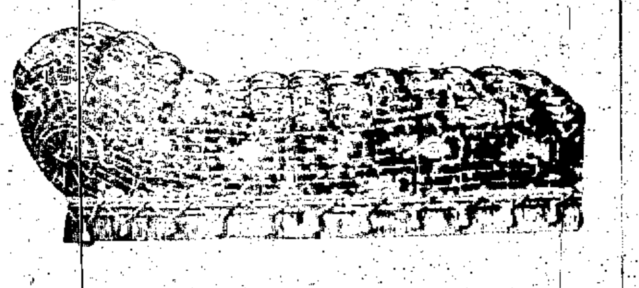
INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
N. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.
in good, reliable companies

Duff's College

Been a specialized [illegible] Education, [illegible]
P. DUFF & SONS, 244 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Olean's Big Store.
HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.

Six Ninety-Eight.



For this week's sale 20 fine Couches, colors red or green, covered with imported velom, good springs, actual value $9. Rich Couches with rococo base at $10.50, $12, $13.50, $15 to $25.

We can save you from $2 to $5 on Couches, as we buy in car lots. We sell all that's good in housefurnishings and sell at bottom prices. Try us.

We Pay the Freight.
We Sew Carpets.
Andrews & Conkling.

THE NEW MARKET,
J. S. McCarty, Prop'r.

ALL KINDS OF
Fresh and Salt Meats.

FRESH LINE OF
Choice Groceries.

Vegetables and Oysters in Season.

Opposite Democrat Office.

Main Street - Smethport, Pa.

A. T. PALMER,
Livery, Feed and
Sale Stables,
DEALER IN
Horses,
Carriages,
Wagons,
Harness,
Etc
201 West Water Street,
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, - Penna.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

FOR 1899
I have received a large invoice of
Wall Paper,
all of the latest designs. Call at the
Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse
and examine my stock.
Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired and all work gurranted.
C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

New Stock of
Shoes. . .
A fine collection of New Shoes of the latest styles and finest workmanship can now be seen at this store. A shoe that fits your foot at every point is the shoe you want. At this store the object is to combine comfort, beauty and neatness.

The Low Prices
which rule at this store are attracting trade. It is the talk of Smethport. I invite inspection, knowing that after you see you will buy. If you want rubber boots, overshoes, etc., I can supply you. A specialty of all kinds of repairing.

Albert Anderson,
Callar Block, Smethport.

L. A. W.
Repair Shop.

THIS Shop is new—every thing in it is new. No old parts put on your wheel. When you bring a wheel here to have it repaired it will be done in FIRST CLASS SHAPE with the best materials. New tires and everything that belongs to a bicycle. A fine Columbia Vulcanizer enables me to repair tires as it should be done. New tires at prices that are a revelation. I have a good lathe and can make new parts.
In addition to Bicycle repairing I am prepared to do all kinds of Electrical Work, Gun repairing, winding fishing rods, etc.
All work done promptly.

Alex Clarke,
Opposite Court House,
Smethport, - Pa.

Chemical and Acid Works Supplies.

If we have not the right articles and the right prices in this line, something is wrong. But we have. We aim to control this trade, and we are succeeding. This is a better supply house for articles of this kind than any other store within reach of you. Better in a dozen ways. Come once and you'll come always.

Brass Pipe—all sizes
Brass Fittings—all sizes
Sheet Copper
Spelter
Copper Nails
Babbitt Metal—all grades

Packing—22 different kinds especially adapted for this service.
Brooms—Rattan mixed, made especially for chemical works.
Iron Fittings—Cast or Malleable—all sizes.
Ludlow Gate Valves—Iron body and Brass—all sizes.
Jenkins Check Valve—The GENUINE in all sizes. Also the Pratt and Cady.
Brass Globe Valves—Genuine Jenkins. Also common [illegible]

Best Sterling White Lead
Cotton Waste—the best
Acetate Rakes
Acetate Spuds
Coke Forks
Scoops and Shovels
Junk or Mill Board

We never lack what you want, nor the grade that you want, nor the price that you want.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co.,
EMERY & WEAVER,
The Great Supply House. BRADFORD.

D. C. YOUNG.
New Fall Goods.

The new Fall Goods are here in rich profusion. Never before has the market afforded such an assortment of desirable goods. The fact that we buy for cash gives us the advantage of cheap purchases.

DRESS GOODS—
Plaids—in both wool and cotton.
Dress Ginghams, Mulls, Calicoes.
Linings—25c to 45c yd. in all the latest colors.
Nice line of Liberty Silks for shirt waists.
Fine line lace curtains.
Spreads from $1.00 to $2.75.
Ready-made dress skirts $1.50 to $3.50.
Wrappers from 75c to $1.75.

Special Feature.

As a special feature a 10-cent counter has been inaugurated in this store. On it are many really valuable articles and it will surprise you to find them on this counter.

The entire stock in this store is subject to your inspection. Come and look it over.

D. C. YOUNG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do You Need Lumber of Any Kind?

Shingles,
Lath,
Flooring,
Ceiling,
Molding,
Wagon Stock,
Doors,
Windows,
Screens,
Glass.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HOO-HOO.

Nails,
Builder's Hardware,
Mixed Paints,
White Lead,
Oils,
Varnishes,
Paint Brushes,
Wall Plaster,
Lime,
Plaster Paris.

These are only a few of the things you will find in our yard. Prices the lowest.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.
Smethport, Pa.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

This month is supposed to be the dullest month in the year. We propose to change the usual program and make it one of the liveliest of the months. Commencing July 25 and lasting until Aug. 26, we will inaugurate a grand and stupendous Clearing Sale. Prices will be at rock bottom. Never again do we expect to be able to sell so fine a class of merchandise at such ridiculously low prices.

Respectfully Yours,
H. W. Rubin & Co.
Smethport, Penna.

Cloaks

Will open the season with everything new. Our garments bear a decided 1899 stamp. [illegible], coupled with the close margins on which we are letting them go, is bound to make our Fall selling of extraordinary interest.

FURS . .

[illegible] offerings in

Heavy Underwear,

Shoes,

Groceries.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.
Mail orders carefully executed.

How's Your Frame

of mind, concerning pictures? You should preserve your present likeness for coming years, if nothing else. The latest and best effects always to be found at "Ike's" studio.

Have You Any Pictures

That need framing? You can find a full assortment of stylish mouldings, &c., of the latest design here. A nice frame beautifies and preserves a picture. Call and look them over.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

[illegible] THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1899.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a, is located in one of the most agricultural districts in Western Pennsylvania, only 97 miles from Buffalo, N. Y., and 160 miles air line from Pittsburg, Pa.

It has four lines of railroad leading to the principal distributing centres, the great west and the great lakes.

[illegible] found in abundance [illegible] of the largest and best natural [illegible] in the State. [illegible] in vast quantities. [illegible] of the famous bituminous coal [illegible] railroad, within 30 [illegible] famous Shawmut bituminous coal [illegible]. [illegible] of the finest blue sandstone [illegible]. [illegible] of shale rock suitable for brick [illegible]. [illegible] of hard wood lumber, such as [illegible] maple, birch, ash, etc.

[illegible] is the county seat of McKean county, one of the richest counties in the Keystone State, [illegible] a population at the present time [illegible] and is growing rapidly; has electric [illegible] first class graded school, natural gas for fuel and lights, four [illegible] and the principal industries at present are [illegible] two large window glass manufacturing plants, hemlock bark [illegible] works, Backus Safety Check Hook Manufacturing plant, with a number of other [illegible].

[illegible] always been considered one of the [illegible] in the State. Contagious diseases are strangers to the town. Being located [illegible] level the town is singularly [illegible] free from all diseases of a contagious [illegible] Hill, one of the most sightly [illegible] and probably the highest elevation [illegible] only three miles [illegible] part of the town, which affords [illegible] of the finest mountain scenery [illegible] in America.

[illegible] Smethport is located at the [illegible] and Marvin creek valleys [illegible] furnishing an abundance of [illegible] many desirable sites for [illegible] of all descriptions.

[illegible] are welcome or address [illegible] of Trade, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

[illegible] J. Colegrove's Saturday bar[illegible]

[illegible] agree that eleven contrary men [illegible] a jury.

A New Hampshire man has invented [illegible]

[illegible] has moved into his [illegible] on East Water street.

[illegible] are getting Dr. Clark's [illegible] ready for the bricklayers.

[illegible] is stropping razors and [illegible] in Alfred Sandfreint's [illegible]

[illegible] of wood is going up which [illegible] much rejoicing among the [illegible]

[illegible] new ad. announces that [illegible] stock. Dan always keeps [illegible]

[illegible] Ol' Man Racket has a new ad. [illegible] It will pay you to read it; it [illegible]

[illegible] Anderson is always willing to [illegible] footwear, even though he can't [illegible] ways.

[illegible] McGuire has made some wonderful improvements in the dining room [illegible] Central.

[illegible] county has a woman lawyer. Miss Charlotte Johnson was admitted to the bar of that county.

[illegible] and Mrs. Clarence Raymond of Smethport were made happy on [illegible] by the arrival of a baby girl.

[illegible] and Mrs. Samuel Green of Hill [illegible] rejoicing over the arrival of a [illegible] who made her appearance on [illegible]

[illegible] snow fell on Saturday morning [illegible] it was the earliest snow [illegible] recollection of the oldest in[illegible]

[illegible] & Bell, plumbers, have an [illegible] that should attract the [illegible] persons needing anything in [illegible]

[illegible] Paint Co., of St. Louis, [illegible] at all this week. Holmes & [illegible] popular lumber merchants [illegible] here.

[illegible] Walker's residence at East [illegible] with its new coat of paint presents [illegible] attractive appearance. [illegible] handled the brushes.

[illegible] Lindholm & Co. call especial [illegible] cloaks and furs in their new [illegible] week. This popular firm does a [illegible] in this line every year.

[illegible] wine barrel has just been [illegible] Nancy, France, for the Paris Ex[illegible]. A dinner was given inside the [illegible] coopers who made it.

[illegible] M. Smith of Lawrenceville, Pa., [illegible] at the store of M. L. Arm[illegible] [illegible] yesterday and is now prepared to [illegible] class repairing on watches and [illegible]

[illegible] Bros. have beautified A. [illegible] racket store at East Smethport with paint. Mr. Stickles now has a [illegible] stock of goods in that store, which will be presided over by Mrs. Stickles.

—A glance into the tasty west show window of Seger & Doyle is enough to convince anyone that "Billy & Jim" have a mammoth line of footwear. See their new ad.

—Andrews & Conkling of Olean have a new advertisement in this week's issue. They are offering special bargains in couches. Read the ad. and when in Olean be sure to call on them.

—The delight of every home that receives it is the Ladies' Home Journal, and it ought to be in every home in the land. The true housewife appreciates it more than any other publication.

—John Vanblad, our popular young blacksmith, has a new ad. in this week's MINER. John says business is good and he will soon move his family into the commodious rooms over his shop.

—Rev. Ware of the Baptist church will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday, morning and evening, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Walker, who is attending the Genesee conference at Bath, N. Y.

—The new members of the faculty in the Clarion State Normal are said to be exceptionally strong teachers. No instrumentality is having a larger influence in giving us good schools than the Normal at Clarion.

—The Smethport borough schools will open Monday, Oct. 23. Young persons, throughout the country, who are contemplating taking a higher grade of school work can find ample accommodations in our temporary building.

—J. S. McCarty has opened a new meat market and grocery store in the Greeley building, opposite the Democrat office. Everything is kept in the best of order, neatness seeming to be his motto. See new ad. on second page.

—Bishop Whitehead will make his regular annual visit to St. Luke's church on Saturday evening, next. He will preach on Saturday evening and also on Sunday morning. Confirmation will be administered on Saturday evening.

—A preliminary meeting of the Normandy C. L. S. C. will be held at Epworth chapel Monday evening, Oct. 10. It is important that a full attendance is had. Books for the year's work will probably be distributed at this meeting.

—On Friday last Harry Linghorn, while assisting in tearing down a shed which had been used to shelter lime, at the new glass works, was caught beneath the falling lumber and his ankle was quite badly crushed. Dr. Chadwick reduced the fracture.

—The report of the county convention of the W. C. T. U., held in Port Allegany, will be given by Mrs. Biever, delegate from this Union, Wednesday, Oct. 11, in the M. E. chapel at 3 p. m. You are cordially invited to attend and will surely be entertained.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 30: Robt. Bell, Mrs. Mary Dunn, J. E. Gubb, P. W. Gill, H. T. Hill, Miss May Landis, Mrs. Ekle Robbins, J. H. Reigle. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Miss Rose Lessler opened her dancing school at Wells' hall on Monday. The attendance was not large, but she demonstrated that she has few equals among teachers of the terpsichorean art. Miss Lessler will undoubtedly have a much larger class next Monday.

—Joe Ellis, a young man only 18 years of age, and James Swartz, old enough to know better, were brought before Burgess Hogarth Saturday morning on the charge of drunkenness. After a short lecture his honor discharged them, on the promise of better behavior.

—New Irish story: Storm at sea, Irishman standing near the captain, looking very sick. "Well, Pat," the captain said, "you seem to be mighty weak in the stomach?" Whereupon the Irishman replied: "Oh, I don't know; I seem to be throwing it as far as any of them."—Ex.

—Last Friday Hanford Sprague of Quinnwood, Elk county, purchased of A. L. Provin the 25-acre lot near Farmers Valley, which Mr. Provin had been advertising lately. Mrs. Sprague recently received $2,500 in bequests from a deceased relative. She expects soon to receive another like sum.

—Dathan Evans, who resides about four miles from Port Allegany, sustained a very painful injury on Saturday while assisting in pressing hay. He was driving team when the fastenings of the evener broke. The long swivel came back with great force striking him on the knee pan and breaking the same.

—Miss Rachel Rubin arranged a complete surprise for her parents last Thursday night, the occasion being their 20th wedding anniversary. Quite a number of friends were invited and when Mr. Rubin came home from his business in the evening his surprise was complete. A most enjoyable time was experienced.

—Lost, strayed or stolen, one William Stanton, who over three weeks ago promised to bring the MINER man several bushels of potatoes. But so far the man with the flowing white beard has failed to show up, or the potatoes either, in consequence of which the editor's wife was compelled to intrude upon friends, while ye editor feasted on husks.

—Another illustration of the perfect manner in which everything is conducted at the W. N. Y. & P. depot at East Smethport was given Saturday night. A man very much inebriated attempted to use the drinking cup for a whiskey glass. He was promptly flagged by Agent Wormer and informed that such things were not allowed under the present regime. Mr. Wormer is all right.

—The State Board of Health has sent out the following circular: "School boards should see to it that no child be allowed to attend school who is not on the school record as having been vaccinated or does not present a certificate of successful vaccination. There is a heavy penalty attached to failure to obey the law in this respect, and the State Board of Health propose to see that it be enforced."

—Through the kindness of Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford the MINER has received a complimentary ticket to the Pompelon Club for the season of 1900, also a calendar containing the subjects and the names of the speakers. The MINER is pleased to note that our popular young townsman, Guy B. Mayo, is one of the orators and will address the club on April 6, subject, "Limitations of Society Upon Individual Liberty."

—At about 9:30 last evening fire was discovered in the McNulty building at corner of Main and Hill Sts. Our firemen were quickly on the scene and soon had the flames under control, but the roof and attic were badly damaged. The building had been rented to Coleman and Bell for a plumbing shop and yesterday they commenced to get their stock in. A fire bug is supposed to be the cause. Damage unknown. No insurance.

—The reliable D. Burlingame of Sizerville is as regular as the sun in appearing at the proper time to pay his subscription. Last week in sending his remittance he enclosed the following: "Loren F. Wolcott, aged 99 years last April, who went to the polls and voted for McKinley, is now broken down in Sparta, Wis. He is uncle to D. Burlingame of Sizerville, great uncle of B. L. Burlingame of Kinzua and J. Colegrove of Smethport.

—The village of East Aurora recently voted to appropriate $7,000 for the purchase of a grove to be devoted to park purposes. Having become convinced by the election that the people really desired a park, Cleero J. Hamlin, the owner of the grove, presented it to the village, the only condition being that $400 should be expended upon it annually.—Olean Times.

—The Travelers' Club of Smethport will hold the first meeting for the coming year on Saturday, Oct. 7, at 3 p. m. at Epworth chapel. The subject selected by them for their study is the comprehensive one of Great Britain and her Dependencies. The club has been greatly augmented by new members and a prosperous and profitable year's work is looked forward to.

—The yacht races that will soon come off between the cup defender Columbia and the Shamrock will have a tendency to place every liberty loving Irishman in rather a peculiar position. With their time-honored love for the trifoil and their love for the land of the free they will naturally be somewhat divided in their enthusiasm, with a preponderance in favor of the Columbia. May she prove the swiftest boat and retain on liberty's shore the cup that has been so proudly held by American yachts since 1851.

—It is claimed that a Connecticut physician has invented an artificial heart that may answer in ordinary cases, but it is doubtful if it would give entire satisfaction on Sunday evenings when a young man puts on his best attire to call upon his lady love, who unfortunately might be possessed of one of these new fangled machines. When he encircled her willowy waist with his coat sleeve it is doubtful if there would be a thrilling response by one of these clock work hearts. Like the Irish woman, we prefer the old way.

—The following, clipped from the Sportsman Magazine for September is worth reading by all who go gunning: Do not shoot at a noise or a moving object in the bushes, but wait until the object is clearly recognized before you pull the trigger. Better lose your only chance at deer than to lose your peace of mind forever through the remorseful consciousness of having caused the death of a human being. Aside from the costly lessons that have been taught, remember there are other hunters roaming the forests as well as yourself.

—There were many amusing incidents at the distribution of prizes in connection with the Corn Carnival recently held at Atchison, Kan. A young woman clerk in the office of the Standard Oil Company drew the five gallons of gasoline offered by her employer; Dad Griffith, the veteran passenger conductor between Topeka and Atchison, drew the round trip ticket between those points offered by his company; a married man drew a marriage license, and a single man drew the ticket which entitled him to the expenses of a divorce.—Lancaster Examiner.

—There are several disreputable characters, none of whom, we are thankful to say, live in Smethport, who have lately made public nuisances of themselves. The MINER has been authorized to make a public declaration that if they are ever caught within the borough limits again, guilty of like actions, they will be dealt with to the full extent of the law. It is to be hoped that this notice will be sufficient. Their names are withheld this time but just as sure as the sun rises the next time they are caught in such disreputable actions their names will be published.

—Bradford was the scene of a disastrous fire on Monday morning whereby Robert Brown, a colored man, was burned to death and several others severely burned. Miss Jessie Doyle, a young lady who roomed in the building with her father, first discovered the fire and going from one room to another aroused the sleeping inmates. The fact that she went through smoke and fire to accomplish this generous act stamps her as a heroine indeed. The building was occupied by Ed. G. Bachtell as a shoe store. His entire stock is ruined, the loss partially covered by insurance. Those who roomed in the building lost nearly all their goods, a large proportion of which were insured.

—A former Smethport resident came over from Coudersport one day last week to visit friends in town. He had a most agreeable visit and when the time came for his departure he bethought himself of the arid condition of Potter county, owing to the prohibitory law, and concluded to take along a quart of frumenti in order to "Wack" up with the boys in the leek digging county. So he ordered his friend to "Phil" up the bottle for future emergencies. His friend instead of frumenti gave him a quart of ginger ale, and to prevent detection too soon presented him with a half pint of the genuine article. No word has yet been received of the denouement that took place in Potter's capital when his chosen friends met to sample McKean's frumenti. The chances are that the language used at the secret meeting would not make suitable reading for publication in a family newspaper.

To Enforce the Game Laws.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association has issued the following, calling the attention of constables to these facts:

1. The forestry, game and fish laws are made to be as strictly enforced as any other laws. 2. It is your sworn duty to enforce these laws. 3. You are not liable for damage if you make a mistake. 4. You are well paid for every conviction. 5. You are to make special returns to court on these subjects. 6. Neglect or refusal on your part to prosecute any violations of the above laws will be punished by heavy fine and imprisonment. 7. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association proposes to see that constables do their duty in this respect and they will proceed against any constable who makes a false return or who refuses to prosecute any offender against the forestry, game and fish laws. Therefore, post yourself on these laws and enforce them.

Fair Notice.

On the evening of Oct. 13 at Tyler hall, Farmers Valley, there will be held a fair and donation supper. Everyone is invited to contribute to the fair or supper. The fair contributions will be sold at auction. Supper 25c each, the proceeds to apply on our part of Elder Dunbar's salary. Auctioneer, Charlie Decker. Committee, Will Moore, Ray Mosier, Harry Roeder and Phil Vickery, and their best girls.

MRS. D. W. DERBY, Steward.

Don't You Read This

Having put up a boot blacking chair in Hungerford Bros.' barber shop, I wish to call your attention to the fact that you can get your shoes shined in a first-class manner. I am also agent for the Pittsburg Times, Despatch and Post and the Buffalo News and Times. Will furnish my patrons with the Buffalo Sunday News. Come and see me. Shine or news which ever you choose.

38-tf ELWOOD GASKINS.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Victor Benson visited Buffalo Monday.

L. M. Strong of Ashell was serving as juror this week.

Miss Lottie Bard departed Tuesday for an extended visit in Buffalo.

Arthur Mitchell departed for Carlisle last Monday to attend college.

Mesdames C. M. Colegrove and T. H. Pattle visited Bradford Tuesday.

Judge A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport came over Monday to preside at court.

D. L. Hewett of Bradford, transacted business in Smethport on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. S. King of Port Allegany was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gallup last Sunday.

B. C. Gallup and M. T. Shutz of Port Allegany autographed at the Central on Monday.

Mrs. I. T. Walker will spend conference week in Buffalo. She left town on Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. Jerome Heath of Cleveland, Ohio, was the guest of his brother, Elmer E. Heath, on Monday.

W. P. Mulhern and F. O. Livermore, two of Clermont's representative citizens, were in town Monday.

C. H. Lavens and W. C. Walker, two of Bradford's prominent citizens, were serving as grand jurors this week.

C. A. McFeely of Pittsburg and F. P. Slocum of Bradford, prominent insurance men, were guests at the Central Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark returned from New York city Monday. They had a most enjoyable time, viewing the Dewey naval parade.

John Forrest, Esq., accompanied his daughter, Miss Helen, and Miss Janette Hamlin to Washington Monday night. The young ladies will attend school there this winter.

Dr. I. E. Burt and B. F. Stanky, two of Hazelhurst's most prominent citizens, were visitors in town Sunday. The Doctor heals the sick and administers justice just as his callers desire.

L. C. Carrier of Brookville was in town Monday. He came here to convey Charles Larkins, a Jefferson county charge, back to his former home. Larkins had been a charge in care of Mr. Ryan for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark of DesMoines, Iowa, have been visiting Mrs. Ambrosia Crandall and Mrs. F. A. Mason. Mrs. Clark is a sister to Senator Mason of Illinois. Mr. Clark was a former resident of Smethport, leaving here in 1857. He finds many changes and thinks Smethport's future very bright.

Capital Offenses Under the Biblical Code.

It is has been stated by some of the best authorities that the morality and intelligence of a nation is in inverse proportion to the number of offenses for which capital punishment is prescribed. If such is the case, and a glance at the social conditions of the modern world assures us that it is, we would expect to find capital punishment practically unknown among Jehovah's chosen people. But what was the actual state of affairs? Remember that there is no human frailty in these laws. They were divine and consequently far in advance of any we may ever hope to enact. We find that Jehovah, the all wise and all merciful, prescribed death for nineteen offenses, one of which, gluttony, is now considered to bring sufficient punishment in indigestion and doctor's bills.

For the benefit of those who have never looked the matter up, I will give a list of the crimes for which our Heavenly Father in his great mercy has said, thou shalt die, and for those orthodox friends who might be inclined to find fault at the list I give book, chapter and verse. Indeed for murder and for killing a defenseless servant God has provided a loop hole to escape. God's speaking trumpet, Moses, doubtless used his influence to obtain these concessions for obvious reasons. See Ex. 11 and 12 chapters.

Death penalties: 1. Adultery. Lev. 20, 10. 2. Cohabiting with other nations. Lev. 20, 2. 3. Cursing a parent. Ex. 21, 18. 4. Disobedience of parents. Deut. 21, 18. 5. Drunkenness. Deut. 21, 20. 6. Enslaving an Israelite. Deut. 24, 7. 7. Enticing to other religions. Deut. 13, 9. 8. False prophesying. Deut. 18, 20. 9. Gluttony. Deut. 21, 20. 10. Incest. Lev. 20, 11 and 12. 11. Instant killing of a servant. Ex. 21, 20. (If the servant lingered for a day or two the master went unpunished.) 12. Murder. Ex. 21, 12. (If the murderer was sufficiently fleet of foot to reach a city of refuge he went unpunished.) 13. Nameless crime with beasts. Ex. 22, 19. 14. Rape with a betrothed woman. Deut. 22, 21. 15. The woman in the above case if in a city. 16. Sabbath breaking. Num. 15, 35. 17. Sodomy. Lev. 20, 13. 18. Striking a parent. Ex. 21, 15. 19. Witchcraft. Ex. 22, 18. Kind friends, if this is divine law where are we at. When we are told that we don't know God's meaning in these sayings, how would it do to always keep in mind that the words used in one book, or another, or in common conversation, have the same meaning.

W. C. DICKENSON.

Colegrove, Pa.

That Railroad Again.

Ole Burtson says there are virtually but three trunk lines that cross the continent from the great west. We think Ole is twisted, for we have a very distinct recollection of crossing from Chicago to the Pacific coast on five different ones, as follows: Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Great Northern.—Potter Democrat.

Bro. Coulston, you may consider them very distinct recollections, but the MINER is inclined to the belief that your recollections of these trips are about as vague as those of a certain board of railroad examiners who, in 1888, were appointed by President Cleveland to examine the Northern Pacific railroad. These commissioners were provided with a combination coach and supplied with all modern conveniences. The commissioners departed from Duluth under most auspicious conditions. Finally one of the board raised the question as to how often they should take a drink. One of the members suggested that it would be advisable to indulge every time they crossed a state or territory line. This proving too arid another of the party proposed that every time they crossed a county line would just about fill his requirements. This, however, produced no oasis in their desert of thirst and another gentleman suggested that perhaps a township line would fill the bill. But the vast, dry plains of the west proved too much for these gentlemen and finally one of the party, in order to relieve the inordinate thirst that predominated, proposed that they take a drink every time they crossed a tie, which was unanimously carried. This may in part account for the many lines of railroad that Bro. Coulston has discovered across the continent.

Notice to Wheelmen.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 25 cent bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, if it fails to cure bumps, bruises, scratches, chafes, cuts, strains, blisters, sore muscles, sunburn, chapped hands or face, pimples, freckles, or any other ailments requiring an external application. Lady riders are especially pleased with Arnica and Oil Liniment, it is so clean and nice to use. Twenty-five cents a bottle; one three times as large for 50 cents.

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
H. C. WELLS.

Joseph Stockford, Hodgdon, Me., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Hammocks at L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s all styles and prices. 21-tf

Nails—little nails, big nails. Holmes & Gilfillan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LARABEE.

Last Sunday evening Rev. Prosper Miller delivered his farewell sermon to quite a concourse of Larabee people. Rev. Miller has labored among us during the past five years, and now that he is going out to fields strange and new we all join in wishing him and his estimable wife and co-worker a rare harvest of future blessings.

Only 17 degrees above zero Tuesday morning. Surely old winter is stealing a march upon young and drowsy autumn.

The nutting season is fully opened and the woods ring with the merry voices of the busy harvesters.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Foster of Crosby are back to their old home here for a short period.

D. D. Otto is farming this week and Albert Rice takes his place in smashing baggage.

Miss Ada Windsor is visiting at the home of Mrs. Fred Nourse in East Smethport.

Mrs. F. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, visited Turtlepoint relatives last week.

The Basket social at Joel Harris' Friday evening was quite a success.

Timothy Lamphier of West Eldred was calling on relatives Friday.

E. S. Carpenter made a business trip to Eldred on Saturday last.

Albert Rice and wife spent Sunday with Coryville friends.

Geo. Champlin of Turtlepoint was in town on Monday.

CLERMONT.

The members of the M. E. church gave a chicken pie supper at the residence of Mrs. Livermore Saturday evening. It was well patronized and highly appreciated by all who attended. John Hafner and daughter, Mable, Misses Stella Martin and Sophia Hafner were among the people from out of town who attended.

Miss Stella Tate, who has been visiting her brother, J. E. Tate, returned to her home in Smethport Saturday.

Engineer John Kane contemplates moving his family here from Olean, where they now reside.

Mrs. A. M. Shoff, who has been visiting friends in Buffalo, returned Monday evening.

W. P. Mulhern and F. O. Livermore attended court at Smethport Monday.

W. P. Mulhern has moved into the house vacated by Frank Bedford.

J. P. Keating took a business trip to Buffalo Monday.

ANNIN CREEK.

Sept. 30 snow laid on the ground until noon. Oct. 2 ice stood on a dish of water in the shade of a house all day and was over half an inch thick on the morning of the third.

Mrs. Sally Tubbs returned from Allegany, N. Y., Saturday where she spent the summer with her daughter.

Lorenzo Hodges and wife of Olean visited in this place the first of the week.

This weather makes the farmers hustle for their apples and potatoes.

Hay is bringing $8 per ton on the car at Turtlepoint at present.

Mrs. Stella Bazar of Bradford has been visiting in this place.

Miss Elsie Straite has returned home from Olean.

Apples are selling for $1.50 per barrel here.

Miss Nellie Bosse was home over Sunday.

Court Proceedings.

Criminal court opened Monday at 2 p. m., Hon. T. A. Morrison and Hon. A. G. Olmsted both being present. Thirty-four indictments were brought before the grand jury. The list of grand jurors was called to which 19 responded. C. H. Lavens of Bradford was chosen foreman.

The constables then made their regular returns. The Court questioned them briefly as to their knowledge of the new game law, and cautioned them as to their duty in regard to the same.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs W. L. Leavitt, returned by the constable for selling liquor without license, a motion for leave to send up an indictment to the grand jury was granted.

A similar motion was granted in the case of the Commonwealth vs James White, returned by constable for keeping a bawdy house and selling liquor without license.

Commonwealth vs E. A. Ware, larceny; motion for leave to send up indictment to grand jury granted.

Commonwealth vs Kate Carter, keeping a bawdy house; motion for leave to send up indictment to grand jury granted.

William Woodworth vs Maud Woodworth; motion for alias subpœna in divorce granted.

The report of the road viewers in Sergeant township was confirmed and a road 50 feet wide ordered opened.

Albert Hunter pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny.

The Court appointed H. N. Cummings judge of election of the Fourth ward of Kane.

Ann Swanson vs Gust Swanson, divorce; subpœna was awarded to the next term.

Fred Barton vs Rose Barton, divorce; subpœna was awarded to the next term.

Mrs. Etta Chase vs Edward Chase, divorce; motion for subpœna returnable next term granted.

Merton L. Willis and J. H. Calkins were admitted to practice in the McKean county courts.

George Golden pleaded guilty in open court to the charge of statutory burglary.

Commonwealth vs William McKee, nol pros was granted. A nol pros was also granted in the case of the Commonwealth vs Elmer Gallup and Mike Gallup, aggravated assault.

Benton & Gallup have commenced proceedings against the Bradford Window Glass Co. for 150 glass blowers, gatherers, snappers and others employed in the Bradford Window Glass Works at Hazelhurst, to recover the various sums which the diverse plaintiffs claim to have lost owing to the breach of the Bradford Window Glass Company's contracts with them.

In the matter of vacating a road in Annin township, the court appointed C. M. Colegrove surveyor, B. C. Gallup and C. S. King as viewers.

E. A. Ellison pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny.

W. F. Fitch pleaded guilty to the charge of assaulting an officer.

Commonwealth vs Chas. Larrabee, robbery; guilty.

Commonwealth vs Frank Stevens and David Pangh, larceny; defendants pleaded guilty.

Commonwealth vs E. Kerrall, larceny by bailee; not guilty.

Commonwealth vs James Wicks, convicted on two charges of larceny.

Oscar A. Quarnstrom resigned as constable of the First ward of Kane borough.

Commonwealth vs Burdette Yentzer, false pretense; not guilty but pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs August Erickson, selling liquor without license; guilty.

GRAND JURY FINDINGS.

Com. vs Charles Larrabee, larceny; a true bill.

Com. vs W. F. Fitch, breaking jail and assaulting an officer; a true bill.

Com. vs W. A. Cole, fornication and bastardy; a true bill.

Com. vs Albert Hunter, larceny; a true bill.

Com. vs George W. Eddy, assault and battery; a true bill.

Com. vs Elmer Gallup and Mike Gallup, aggravated assault; a true bill.

Com. vs E. A. Ellison, larceny; a true bill.

Com. vs Burdett Zentzer, false pretense; a true bill.

Com. vs George Golden, Jr., statutory burglary; a true bill.

Com. vs Mary Burns, larceny; not a true bill.

Com. vs Irvin Strickland, practicing veterinary medicine and surgery; not a true bill and the State Board of Veterinary Surgeons pay the costs.

The Banner Pile Cure

Is Banner Salve. It gives immediate relief and will effect a cure. 25c. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

FOR SALE—At your own price, a tip top good bed lounge. Call at Dr. Pierce's dental parlors.

Repair your roof. Shingles or roofing paper. Holmes & Gilfillan.

C. J. Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

Special attention paid to sore feet and all diseases that can be cured by careful shoeing.

Am agent for the Dorman Expansion Shoe.

WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Bell Brothers,

OLEAN, N. Y.

OUR FALL OPENING OF

Millinery, Cloaks, Suits, Boy's Clothing, Dress Goods, Silks, Etc.,

TAKES PLACE

Tuesday, Oct. 3d,

AND CONTINUES

Wednesday and Thursday.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

OUR MILLINERY.

With the competition of our imported lines, we introduce a magnificent collection of novelties, in fact the largest we ever exhibited.

Bonnets, Round Hats and Toques.

Select models from leading Paris Modistes, and a desirable collection of Dress Hats and Suit Hats produced in our work-room.

OUR BIG STORE.

Will display tons of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Silks, Boy's Clothing, Carpets, Draperies, Lace Curtains, beautiful Tailor-made Gowns, Jackets, Golf Capes, Skirts, Dressing Sacques, Bath Robes, both Gents' and Ladies'.

Furniture display largest and as handsome as you will find in any city.

Ladies' fine shoes.

All out of town buyers stepping to the office will find something interesting in the way of R. R. fare.

Bell Brothers,

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

Cash Bargain Day,

Saturday, Oct. 7,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

Winter coming reminds you to bring your children here for wraps. We have the largest stock ever shown in town. Children's from 4 years to 12; Misses 14, 16, 18 & 20 years. Prices from $2.75 to $6. Decided novelties and staple garments.

1 lb can cocoa for 25c, and we give you free a cake of baking chocolate—one sale to each customer.

Try a package of Uncle Jerry's pan cake flour—samples free.

We are selling F. S. flour faster than we can get it from the mills. Try a sack.

3 lb can Boston baked beans, plain or with tomato sauce, 10c.

4 oz bottle of vanilla or lemon extract 15c.

10 bars Red Star soap for 25c.

We kept one man busy last Saturday on fleece lined underwear. This shows what advertising does. Sold as many suits as we expected to by Jan'y 1st.

J. COLEGROVE.

Coleman & Bell,

Sanitary Plumbers.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Gas, steam and water fitting.

Estimates furnished on plumbing and tin work.

Incandescent lights and fixtures.

Cor. Main & Hill Sts., Smethport.

M. L. Armstrong,

The Leading JEWELER

and dealer in

WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS

Remember I am still the agent of the Pope Manufacturing Company and that when you buy a Columbia Chainless you are not experimenting. The experiment was made by hard riders over rough roads before the wheel was put on the market. They're just as represented.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

IKE SIMONS,

46 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

DUNLAP HATS
and
KNOX HATS,

Fall and Winter, 1899,

Are now ready for inspection; also our full line of cheap and medium grade

Soft and Stiff Hats,

All the latest shapes and colors.

New Fall Clothing Arriving daily. Do not fail to inspect our entire new line of Suits and Overcoats.

Something New In Watches.

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THE SEA.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.
Thoreau.

IN THE RAIN.

A Romance of One Umbrella For Two People.

"If I didn't look as if I were trying to gain some benefit from your umbrella," he remarked as he chatted to meet her on the church steps after the service, "I would ask to walk home with you. I didn't expect rain when I left home, so I am unprepared."

"However," came her clear reply, just arch enough to be frank, "if you'll carry my umbrella and let me turn my energies to keeping my dress caught up out of the mud, I'll be very thankful to you."

They had walked, strangely enough, half way home in most complete silence when a man and a woman passed, like them, under one umbrella, but, unlike them, the woman was held snugly close to the man's side as she clung to his arm. It was a pretty picture of that open freedom which so undeniably marks a congenial man and wife, whose companionship has ripened into frank trust.

As they passed, Robert Cartwright said, half thoughtfully perhaps: "They are sensible. If two are trying to use one umbrella they are surely to be commended if they strive to take up as little room as possible. Even if it be boom, won't you take my arm?"

"But they are plainly not such strangers as we," she returned, conscious that both were treading on dangerous ground.

"Are we strangers?" he asked quickly, turning his eyes searchingly to her.

The pretty face grew a trifle pale against its light brown hair. A lump seemed to climb to her throat, but she returned bravely: "Yes, that is, we will always be strangers compared with them."

He stopped for an instant and gazed fixedly at her till a hot flush flew up from her collar and swept under the [illegible] strings of her dainty brown [illegible].

"Always?" he asked simply.

"Yes. Why, can't you see that they are married?"

She tried to laugh it away, but it would have been difficult to tell which pair of lips quivered the more or which pair of eyes swam in the deeper mist as the two started on to the home, both sad, both realizing that a little tragedy had occurred in that brief moment under that dripping umbrella.

Eight years went by and found Gabrielle Vaughne alone in the world with necessity for keeping up a life in which all interest and all energy were dead. She had at last arisen from a tedious illness, and the nurse herself hardly recognized the tall, pale and faced woman with the short [illegible] curls, as the bright eyed light [illegible] girl of six months before.

Gabrielle had one thing dear to her, and only one, and that was a memory. (And some of our dearest memories are the cruelest parts of our lives.) When finally she stood before a mirror and realized that that changed creature was herself, a mighty resolve filled her—she would go to the source of that memory.

She knew where he was. She knew that he had married three years after that bitter morning in the rain and [illegible] married a wealthy wife. That was the reason that she had turned him back from her long ago. Just because of his poverty. Not that it would pain her, a thousand times no. Hadn't she cried out night after night since that starvation with him would be only bliss?

But she had known his ambitions and his capabilities, known his hopes of success, and she had [illegible] to turn the dreams to realities. She was poor. Would she permit herself to hang a millstone about his neck? Would she hold him always in the depths of poverty by being his wife and the mother of his needy children? No, she would hurt him first before she would ruin his life.

Time had proved that she had been right. His wife was a beautiful woman, and her wealth had opened brilliant opportunities to him. He had risen. She had known that he would. But now that she scarcely was [illegible] knew herself she would [illegible] his world and see for herself [illegible] happy and prosperous he was.

So, having spent all but the last sovereign for her ticket, she slipped into Langlaisan one spring evening, steadying her heart to what the [illegible] The next evening she had walked past his great house and was starting back when a sudden shower burst unexpectedly upon her. She gathered up her skirts in that particular way so characteristic of a dainty woman and was hurrying along when all at once she was conscious of a sharp, childish cry at her side. Turning, she beheld a tall, sad faced man trying to [illegible] a fretful baby of about 2 years, which held out its dimpled hands to her and cried, "Mamma, mamma."

The gentleman strove to quiet it, and Gabrielle started on. But sharp and piercing came the cry of "Mamma!" and her heart bade her linger. For the first time the man spoke to her.

"I must beg your pardon, madam. His mother has just died, and something about you seems to have recalled her to him."

Gabrielle's heart softened at once. Going straight up, she took the tiny outstretched hands in her own and murmured, "Poor motherless little one!"

The father held out his umbrella over her, and for the first time she looked at him. The face was Robert's.

She was glad for the excuse of turning to the baby again and murmured something unintelligible.

However he had not recognized her as she drew all her strength to her assistance and succeeded in hiding her emotion.

"If you will walk under my umbrella, as I am going your way, you will keep dry. And, too, I fear baby won't like to part with you now."

There was no easy way to retreat. It would have been absurd to send off in a changed direction through the pelting rain, so she continued talking hurriedly to the child.

As they reached the foot of the broad stone steps she stopped.

"I cannot thank you enough for having calmed Leslie. His nurse left this morning, and he will not be consoled by any of the other servants. So I finally told Mrs. Clarke, the housekeeper, that I would try him for a walk. But will you not take the umbrella? It will be a shame to expose yourself to such a deluge."

She gracefully declined all thanks and such kind offers and glided quickly off, a tall, black robed figure, during the watery drops. But a perfect shriek from baby arose when he found himself deserted in this fashion, and each succeeding cry became louder and more distressing. Again Gabrielle could not go. Again she came back to him.

"Will you please come into the house with him. Mrs. Clarke may there be [illegible] to get him away than I."

So [illegible] carrying his child, Leslie entered the [illegible] but [illegible] Leslie was not to be easily deceived, and all the ruses were seen through immediately by his careful big blue eyes.

"We must get a nursemaid this very night," declared Mrs. Clarke as she endeavored in her practical, cold hearted way to [illegible] the young lord from [illegible] mamma.

But [illegible] Mr. Cartwright, [illegible]

A [illegible] and [illegible] the child's head [illegible] and [illegible] She choked back the lump in her throat and [illegible] Would [illegible] be presumptuous [illegible] I am [illegible] position."

[illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] at the [illegible] her way of wearing [illegible] appearance of a woman of [illegible] culture and [illegible]

[illegible] in which Miss Varney [illegible] she was [illegible] known [illegible] and loved in return [illegible] two children. It was [illegible] March, just before dusk [illegible] and left Leslie up stairs [illegible] just come down [illegible] with Mabel to [illegible] until her father [illegible] was late and Mabel [illegible] to the library [illegible] alone in the [illegible] Mr. Court- [illegible]

"Shall [illegible] Mabel," she began, starting [illegible] at the window.

[illegible] I have [illegible] first time [illegible] mamma. You [illegible] it was be- [illegible] I thought [illegible] the wo- [illegible] his [illegible] this you [illegible] woman [illegible] word.

[illegible] I met my [illegible] if I [illegible] mamma an- [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] and the rim of [illegible] western horizon grew narrower. At last she said:

"I too [illegible] And I can never in any way love another [illegible]

"Miss Varney [illegible]

"No, let me [illegible]," she continued. "Take an [illegible] down to [illegible] question [illegible] and wait the [illegible] stairs. He [illegible] the [illegible] and a [illegible] falling rain dripped through the leaves on to the [illegible] of the walk.

Suddenly he was conscious of a rustle at his side, and turning, there stood a tall girl with a loving smile [illegible] the [illegible] collar [illegible] a sweet [illegible] I must remember [illegible] long ago, and also the voice murmured:

"Is her[illegible]"

"Gabrielle," he gasped.

"Yes," she laughed. "Gabrielle, the nursemaid, Mamma."

When they walked up to the house that night she hung [illegible] on his arm under the narrow umbrella, for they were strangers no longer.—Exchange.

Struck by the System.

A peddler the other day found himself in the [illegible] building occupied wholly by lawyers. He went up to the first floor, looking for a customer, but he found all the [illegible] He went up to the second, third and fourth. He found everybody [illegible] and so it was he went to the top flat. Here he spied an open door and, looking in, saw a man busy writing at his desk. The peddler began telling of his wares, but the lawyer interrupted with: "No, I don't want anything," and again the lawyer protested: "I tell you I don't want anything." [illegible] But the peddler [illegible] the lawyer thoroughly angry, quickly arose and threw the intruder down the stairs.

[illegible] landed on the [illegible] floor [illegible] down [illegible] flight [illegible] he saw the [illegible] of the peddler [illegible] the [illegible] threw him down the [illegible] the peddler picked himself up and rubbing his bruises observed: "Well, this is the [illegible] I have made in this building, and I must say they have got a perfect system."—Detroit Free Press.

The Paregoric Fiend.

Down the village street, getting one foot before the other with a combination of a jerk and a drag, came a shriveled [illegible]

"Say, Jim," a villager inquired of the summer resident, pointing a shoulder at the shambling figure. "That's a paregoric fiend. He swallows more paregoric than all the babies in the village put together. How'd he get in the way of taking the stuff? Well, you know there's some old women in our town that think paregoric good for all manner of things that's the matter with your insides, an' when daddy had pains from eating too much his wife dosed him with paregoric an' first thing she knowed he couldn't get on without it. He's worse'n a drunkard now. [illegible] within ten feet of him [illegible] smell the stuff [illegible] had a stroke and [illegible] He'll [illegible] if he stops bein' [illegible]"

The Cossacks.

Cossacks form the volunteer cavalry troops of southern Russia. They provide themselves with horses, uniforms and weapons and serve as guards to the frontier and perform certain other military duties on demand of the government of the district in which they live. In return for which service they are relieved from taxation to a certain extent. Their costumes are picturesque and they have a worldwide reputation for the excellence and daring of their horsemanship.

Saved.

Nodd—Blinker had a hard time the other day. His head clerk is in the habit of giving him checks to sign, and Blinker, who has every confidence in him, always does so without question. This day his wife filled out one and the clerk took it in. Blinker signed it.

Todd—Ruin him?

Nodd—No. It was for such a large amount the bank wouldn't cash it.—Detroit Free Press.

A tax of sixpence per head is levied on all passengers landed in the Isle of Man. It is collected from the steamship companies carrying the passengers.

THE ARREST OF LIEUTENANT GOLIGHTLY

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[illegible]

* * * * * * *

"An [illegible] me sent [illegible] was the colonel after all. But I was a recruity [illegible]."—The Lieutenant, [illegible] of Private Ortheris.

If there was one thing on which Golightly prided himself more than another it was looking like "an officer and a gentleman." He said it was for the honor of the service that he attired himself so elaborately, but those who knew him best said that it was just personal vanity. There was no harm about Golightly—not an ounce. He recognized a horse when he saw one and could do more than fill a cantle. He played a very fair game at billiards and was a sound man at the whist table. Everybody liked him, and nobody ever dreamed of seeing him handcuffed on a station platform as a deserter. But this sad thing happened.

He was going down from Dalhousie at the end of his leave—riding down. He had cut his leave as fine as he dared and wanted to come down in a hurry.

It was fairly warm at Dalhousie, and knowing what to expect below he descended in a new khaki suit—tight fitting—of a delicate olive green, a peacock blue tie, white collar and a snowy white solah helmet. He prided himself on looking neat even when he was riding post. He did look neat, and he was so deeply concerned about his appearance before he started that he quite forgot to take anything but some small change with him. He left all his notes at the hotel. His servants had gone down the road before him to be ready in waiting at Pathankot with a change of gear. That was what he called traveling in "light marching order." He was proud of his faculty of organization—what we call bundobust.

Twenty-two miles out of Dalhousie it began to rain—not a mere hill shower, but a good tropical monsoonish downpour. Golightly bustled on, wishing that he had brought an umbrella. The dust on the roads turned into mud, and the pony mired a good deal. So did Golightly's khaki gaiters. But he kept on steadily and tried to think how pleasant the coolth was.

His next pony was rather a brute at starting, and Golightly's hands being slippery with the rain, contrived to get rid of Golightly at a corner. He chased the animal, caught it and went ahead briskly. The spill had not improved his clothes or his temper, and he had lost one spur. He kept the other one employed. By the time that stage was ended the pony had had as much exercise as he wanted, and in spite of the rain Golightly was sweating freely. At the end of another miserable half hour Golightly found the world disappear before his eyes in clammy pulp. The rain had turned the pith of his huge and snowy solah topee into an evil smelling dough, and it had closed on his head like a half opened mushroom. Also the green lining was beginning to run.

Golightly did not say anything worth recording here. He tore off and squeezed up as much of the brim as was in his eyes and ploughed on. The back of the hat was flapping on his neck and the sides stuck to his ears, but the leather band and green lining kept things roughly together, so that the hat did not actually melt away where it flapped.

Presently the pulp and the green stuff made a sort of slimy mildew which ran over Golightly in several directions—down his back and bosom for choice. The khaki color ran too—it was really shockingly bad dye—and sections of Golightly were brown and patches were violet and contours were ochre and streaks were ruddy red and blotches were nearly white, according to the nature and peculiarities of the dye. When he took out his handkerchief to wipe his face and the green of the hat lining and the purple stuff that had soaked through on to his neck from the tie became thoroughly mixed, the effect was amazing.

Near Dhar the rain stopped, and the evening sun came out and dried him up slightly. It fixed the colors too. Three miles from Pathankot the last pony fell dead lame, and Golightly was forced to walk. He pushed on into Pathankot to find his servants. He did not know then that his khitmutgar had stopped by the roadside to get drunk and would come on the next day saying that he had sprained his ankle. When he got into Pathankot, he couldn't find his servants; his boots were stiff and ropy with mud, and there were large quantities of dirt about his body. The blue tie had run as much as the khaki. So he took it off with the collar and threw it away. Then he said something about servants and tried to get a peg. He paid 8 annas for the drink, and this revealed to him that he had only 6 annas more in his pocket—or in the world as he stood at that hour.

He went to the station master to negotiate for a first class ticket to Khasa, where he was stationed. The booking clerk said something to the station master, the station master said something to the telegraph clerk, and the three looked at him with curiosity. They asked him to wait for half an hour while they telegraphed to Umritsar for authority. So he waited, and four constables came and grouped themselves picturesquely round him. Just as he was preparing to ask them to go away the station master said that he would give the sahib a ticket to Umritsar if the sahib would kindly come inside the booking office. Golightly stepped inside, and the next thing he knew was that a constable was attached to each of his legs and arms while the station master was trying to cram a mail bag over his head.

There was a very fair scuffle all round the booking office, and Golightly received a nasty cut over his eye through falling against a table. But the constables were too much for him, and they and the station master handcuffed him securely. As soon as the mail bag was slipped he began expressing his opinions, and the head constable said: "Without doubt this is the soldier Englishman we require. Listen to the abuse." Then Golightly asked the station master what the [illegible] meant. The station master told him he was "Private John Binkle of the —— regiment, 5 feet 9 inches, fair hair, gray eyes and a dissipated appearance, no marks on the body," who had deserted a fortnight ago. Golightly began explaining at great length, and the more he explained the less the station master believed him. He said that no lieutenant could look such a ruffian as did Golightly and that his instructions were to send his capture under proper escort to Umritsar. Golightly was feeling very damp and uncomfortable, and the language he used was not fit for publication even in an expurgated form. The four constables saw him safe to Umritsar in an "intermediate" compartment, and he spent the four hours' journey in abusing them as fluently as his knowledge of the vernacular allowed.

At Umritsar he was bundled out on the platform into the arms of a corporal and two men of the —— regiment. Golightly drew himself up and tried to carry off matters jauntily. He did not feel jaunty in handcuffs, with four constables behind him and the blood from the cut on his forehead stiff on his left cheek. The corporal was not jocular either. Golightly got as far as, "This is a very absurd mistake, my men," when the corporal told him to stow his lip and come along. Golightly did not want to come along. He desired to stop and explain. He explained very well indeed until the corporal cut him short with "You a officer! It's the like o' you as brings disgrace on the likes of us. Bloomin' fine officer you are! I know your regiment. The [illegible] kind. Queen's hard bargains, that's what you are."

[illegible] to the service.

Golightly kept his temper and began explaining all over again from the beginning. Then he was marched off, out of the rain into the refreshment room and told not to make a qualified fool of himself. The men were going to run him up to Fort Govindghar. And "running up" is a performance almost as undignified as the "Frog March."

Golightly was nearly hysterical with rage and the chill and the mistake and the handcuffs and the headache that the cut on his forehead had given him. He really laid himself out to express what was in his mind. When he had quite finished and his throat was feeling dry one of the men said: "I've 'eard a few beggars in the clink blind stiff and crack on a bit, but I've never 'eard any one to touch this ere 'orficer." They were not angry with him. They rather admired him. They had some beer at the refreshment room and offered Golightly some too because he had "swore wonderful." They asked him to tell them all about the adventures of Private John Binkle while he was loose on the countryside, and that made Golightly wilder than ever. If he had kept his wits about him he would have kept quiet until an officer came, but he attempted to run.

Now the butt of a Martini in the small of your back hurts a great deal, and rotten, rain soaked khaki tears easily when two men are jerking at your collar.

Golightly rose from the floor feeling very sick and giddy, with his shirt ripped open all down his breast and nearly all down his back. He yielded to his luck, and at that point the down train from Lahore came in carrying one of Golightly's majors.

This is the major's evidence in full:

"There was the sound of a scuffle in the second class refreshment room, so I went in and saw the most villainous loafer that I ever set eyes on. His boots and breeches were plastered with mud and beer stains. He wore a muddy white dunghill sort of thing on his head, and it hung down in slips on his shoulders, which were a good deal scratched. He was half in and half out of a shirt as nearly in two pieces as it could be, and he was begging the guard to look at the name on the tail of it. As he had rucked the shirt all over his head I couldn't at first see who he was, but I fancied that he was a man in the first stage of D. T. from the way he swore while he wrestled with his rags. When he turned round, and I had made allowances for a lump as big as a pork pie over one eye and some green war paint on the face and some violet stripes round the neck, I saw that it was Golightly. He was very glad to see me," said the major, "and he hoped I would not tell the mess about it. I didn't, but you can if you like, now that Golightly has gone home."

Golightly spent the greater part of that summer in trying to get the corporal and the two soldiers tried by court martial for arresting an "officer and a gentleman." They were, of course, very sorry for their error. But the tale leaked into the regimental canteen and thence ran about the province.

Paid It In a Hurry.

Some years ago a woman was returning late at night from a social function down at the lower end of the Old Colony railroad. She took to the track as the shortest way home, but in crossing a small trestle above the country road she made a misstep and in falling broke her neck. The next day her husband called on the superintendent, and while not appearing to be very deeply grieved over his loss yet he felt that he was entitled to some compensation for the untimely ending of his wife.

"She was trespassing," replied the superintendent, "which relieves the company from all responsibility."

"I know it," replied the man, "but she was a good woman about the house, and I hardly know what I am going to do without her."

"Well, on what basis will you settle?"

She fell how many feet?"

"About 12, I should say."

"Do you think a dollar a foot is too much?"

The superintendent nearly fell from his seat. Upon recovering he paid the man $12, which he charged to his own account, as he felt that the experience was well worth the price.—Boston Globe.

Got What He Called For.

The barroom of a well known hotel was crowded with the thirsty the other evening, and the overworked servers of mixed drinks were beginning to grow a bit testy when the door swung open and in walked one of those hardtails who grow fat on bad whisky.

"I want a drink of the pizenest liquor in the line," he said.

The bartender, weary from the concoction of hundreds of high balls and rickeys, languidly reached under the counter and drawing out a bottle of alcohol, ammonia and salt, used for cleaning copper work, set it before the human sponge, who poured himself a liberal drink and gulped down the nauseous stuff. His eyes bulged and a half suppressed sputter escaped from his lips, but he was game through and through.

"Thanks," he said as he paid his check. "I always did like this hotel. You get here exactly what you call for."

And he escaped by the side door, still coughing and sputtering.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

As She Viewed It.

The man was nearly out of breath. When he could speak he said to the wondering woman:

"I have just saved your husband from a watery grave. He threw himself into the river, and at the risk of my own life I jumped in and saved him."

"Well," she said as she resumed her ironing, "I always feared that you'd try to be revenged for being refused by me seven years ago, but I never dreamed that your hate would lead you to do such a thing as this."

Then she began singing a lullaby to the bare legged little boy who was rolling on the floor.—Exchange.

Saw It First Thing.

Fuddy—Hilton went home the other day and found the house empty. He thought he wouldn't tell his wife he had been at home, but she found it out the moment she entered the house.

Dudd—Left the pantry door open or forgot to close a window or something of that sort?

Fuddy—No. He sat down on a chair for a moment, and of course he mussed the tidy in his usual way.—Boston Transcript.

It May Save Your Life.

A dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar will prevent an attack of pneumonia, grip or severe cold if taken in time. Cures coughs, colds, croup, la grippe, hoarseness, difficult breathing, whooping cough, incipient consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Gives positive relief in advanced stages of consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Guaranteed. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The Cowboy Preacher, Rev. I. Jarkman, [illegible] Ill., says, "After suffering from [illegible] I was cured by One Minute Cough Cure [illegible] all [illegible] coughs [illegible] lung troubles [illegible]

[illegible]

L. K. Hogarth & Co.

[illegible] at the White House to behalf of somebody or other who happened to be in trouble and took up a great deal of Mr. Lincoln's time. The president treated him with great courtesy, although his patience was frequently tried. One day when the philanthropist was particularly verbose and persistent and refused to depart, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Mr. Lincoln suddenly rose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the cabinet chamber and took a bottle from a shelf. Handing it to his visitor he remarked:

"Did you ever use this stuff on your head?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well," remarked Mr. Lincoln, "I advise you to try it, and if at first you don't succeed keep it up. They say it's a good thing to make the hair grow. Take this bottle with you and come back in six months and tell me how it works."

The astonished philanthropist covered his polished pate with his broad brimmed hat and left the room, while Judge Carter, coming in with the next delegation, found the president over in the corner doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy, and before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.—Chicago Record.

The Power of the Whale.

If the whale knew its own power it could easily destroy all the machinery which the art of man could devise for catching him. It would only be necessary for him to swim on the surface in a straight line in order to break the thickest rope, but instead of being struck by the harpoon he obeys a natural instinct which in this instance brings him to his death.

Not having an air bladder he can sink to the lowest depths of the ocean and, mistaking the harpoon for the teeth of a swordfish or a shark, he instantly descends, this being his manner of freeing himself from those enemies, which cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean, and from descending and ascending in small space he thus puts himself in the power of the whaler.

If we include the pressure of the atmosphere a body at the depth of 100 feet would sustain that of 60 pounds on the square inch, while one at 4,000 feet in depth by no means considerable would be exposed to a pressure of 1,800 pounds. We need not therefore feel surprised that on the foundering of a ship at sea, though its timbers part, not a spar floats to the surface, for if the hull has sunk to a great depth all that is porous is penetrated with water or is greatly compressed.—Omaha World Herald.

The Tide Ran Away.

The humorist had been tied hand and foot and lashed to a pile that projected a dozen or more feet above the water at low tide.

He had dared to perpetrate an original joke, and the Paragraphers' Amalgamated union had decreed his death.

In vain he wriggled.

The cruel waters were rising beneath him. The tide was coming in.

"I'm afraid," he murmured as he looked down and noticed that the little waves were lapping at his shoes—"I'm afraid that one tied will not affect the other." And he laughed harshly.

"Anyway," he added a moment later, "I'll stick to my post."

The tide rose faster. It was at his knee, his waist, his elbow, his neck!

Just as it reached his chin he gave one final grin across the sparkling waves and muttered:

"Well, it seems to be up to me now."

Whereupon the tide turned and ran out.

He was saved.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flowers Under Artificial Light.

Nearly all flowers in which there is a notable proportion of blue are unattractive when seen under artificial light. Hence purple and lilac flowers do not usually look well at night, though there are exceptions owing to the intensity of the red in some purples, which comes out well at night and causes them to appear as crimsons. Yellows invariably lose, let [illegible] and pale yellows become bad whites under gaslight, but reds and crimsons and all shades of pink and white retain their beauty, and as a rule green leaves are pleasing under any light.

Their Appreciation.

The barnstorming crew had not eaten for two days and two nights. Suddenly the oldest soubrette appeared with a quantity of [illegible]

"Where did you get them?" breathlessly inquired the heavy man.

"I sang the old for a mere song," she replied. "And it was eggs." She further [illegible] the song, and the audience furnished the eggs.—Chicago News.

Paradoxical.

"Doctor," said the patient, who runs to useless philosophical contemplation, "it appears to me to be one of nature's contradictions."

"How so?"

"It gives you the shake and yet it stays right with you."—Detroit Free Press.

Out of His Sight.

"Get out!" commanded her father. "Don't let me ever see you here again."

"Very well," replied the confident young man. "Your daughter can tell you the nights I am to call, and you can arrange to be out until I leave."—Philadelphia North American.

A Short Sad Story.

A cold
Neglect
Pneumonia
Grief

Had Foley's Honey and Tar been used this story would have had a happier ending. 25 and 50c. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

President King, Farmer's Bank, Brooklyn, Mich., has used DeWitt's Little Early Risers in his family for years. Says they are the best. These famous little pills cure constipation, biliousness and all liver and bowel troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD,

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

PRACTICALLY A DAILY AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The striking and important events of the last year have established the overwhelming value of THE THRICE A WEEK WORLD to every reader. For an almost nominal sum it has kept its subscribers informed of the progress of all our wars and moreover has reported them as promptly and fully as if it were a daily. With our interests still extending throughout the world, with our troops operating in the Philippines, and the great Presidential campaign too at hand, its value is further increased.

The motto of THE THRICE A WEEK WORLD is improvement. It strives each year to be better than it was the year before, and public confidence in it is shown by the fact that it now circulates more than twice as many papers as any other newspaper not a daily [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] it she was [illegible] and [illegible] fell down [illegible] figuratively speaking [illegible] began to investigate as to his [illegible] of making [illegible] his wife.

Now Chow Sam Lung was young himself and a very successful gambler by profession, being the keeper of a gambling house in San Francisco. But the cruel parents of Ah Moy had promised her to old man Low How for his fourth wife and would not retract their promise. Did Chow Sam Lung sit down and bewail his fate? Not at all. He at once made her father's acquaintance and, beguiling him into his gambling place, proceeded to let him play and win. Then he played and lost. And Chow Sam Lung said, "No matter, you are my friend. I will trust you."

After awhile the old man owed Chow Sam Lung $1,400. Now old man Low How was to give Ah Moy's father $1,000 on her wedding day, but when New Year's came and every Chinaman must pay his debts before he can pass the prayer in the joss house, Ah Moy's dad was short and failed to raise the $1,400. So Chow Sam Lung, who had previously taken a mortgage on the girl, promptly foreclosed it and took her to his home in the very face of old man Low How. And that's what happened in San Francisco Chinatown. And Ah Moy was very much happy.—San Francisco Call.

Made For the Place.

While traveling in a coal mine district, says Dr. Cuyler, I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs, everything. But as the foreman and I were walking near the mines I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a dairy field.

"What can the owner of this plant must take of it," and I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt?"

"See here," said the foreman, and taking up a handful of coal dust threw it over the flower. It immediately fell off and left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place."

Legends of the Apple.

The apple enters more largely into folklore and legend than almost any other fruit. In England there was formerly a [illegible] in honor of the apple tree, and various songs were sung, and bowls of cider emptied to insure a good apple harvest for the future. In certain parts a curious apple [illegible] in New Year's eve to see [illegible] a lover is coming. In Austria a girl cuts an apple in two at one blow, and counts the seeds. If there are as many [illegible] as [illegible] the other she will marry. If they are not she will be an old maid. If a seed is cut in two she will quarrel with her husband and be separated from him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not a Real Count.

Myrtle—Why did you think the count is a fraud?

Alice—Papa said if he was as good as what I showed him the paper containing an account of papa's failure.

Myrtle—What did he do? Break the engagement?

Alice—No. He threw his arms around me and said, "Never mind, darling, you and I can be happy as long as we are left to each other, no matter whether we have money or not."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Don't Be Angry.

It doesn't pay to get angry. Anger uses up the nerve forces of the body. So does worry, and so does hate. A bad temper wears you out. It makes you needless enemies. It spoils your looks. A man with a bad temper had better tie a stone around his neck and throw it into a lake. If he doesn't it is liable to drag him down. We won't speculate about that.—Denver News.

Fatal Error.

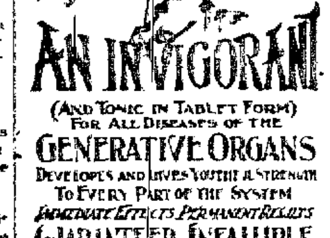
N. Peck's wife leads him a rather merry life, [illegible]

Oh, yes. When he was courting her he [illegible] one day she looked pretty when she was angry. And now it has got to be a habit.—Indianapolis Journal.

Accounting For the Shortage.

It is said some [illegible] to have a good deal [illegible] than [illegible] trains.

[illegible]



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GENERATIVE ORGANS

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TO EVERY PART OF THE SYSTEM.
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New York Counts.
Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
[illegible]

[illegible] and Below.

[illegible] with a great [illegible] no house [illegible] bring [illegible] that born of a eastern hotel, and all around are houses of [illegible] girls. You will be pursued by little boys who spot your tourist's intent and who give you (for a fee) a history at a rate that threatens the [illegible] tongue and teeth. When they are through, if you have not understood it all, they will say it all over again. A penny in the slot phonograph could do it no better.—Time and the Hour.

A Remarkable Career.

The most remarkable official career in the United States was that of John Quincy Adams. It extended over 68 years and [illegible] in the diplomatic service as minister to Russia, Prussia and the Netherlands, [illegible] secretary of state, four years as president and 16 years as a representative in congress.

Bonner's Drink.

Some one asked of Robert Bonner once if he was a teetotaler.

"Am I a teetotaler? No," said Mr. Bonner [illegible] "I [illegible] a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844.

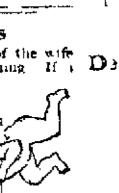
It is not on record whether he ever took another.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding school mistresses in the universe.—White.

Great souls are not those who have fewer passions and more virtues than the common, but those only who have greater designs.—La Rochefoucauld.

Some people like to be generous just to brag about it.—Cleveland Leader.

MARRIED HAPPINESS



is dependent upon the health of the wife more than any other one thing. If a woman is troubled in a distinctly feminine way it must indicate nerves of her body are in a state of chronic irritation. She has headache and back ache. She is listless and spiritless. She is cross and blue. She feels that life is not worth living, and her temper reflects the condition of her nerves. Her suffering without distraction [illegible] her husband must [illegible] will [illegible] to the club or seek elsewhere more congenial company.

A sick woman is to be pitied because she is miserable and because she has not yet learned that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well.

The Favorite Prescription [illegible] has been used by millions of women and has brought health, happiness and contentment to as many homes.

[illegible]

The Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol and no opium [illegible] and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

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[illegible]

C. A. BURDICK.

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Time Table taking effect Sept. [illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT

[illegible]

J. A. MCCLURE Supt.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

TRAVELERS GUIDE

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY

In effect April [illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Port Allegany, Olean, Buffalo, Kane and [illegible]

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE [illegible] TIME TABLE

TRAINS LEAVE [illegible] EASTWARD

[illegible]

WESTWARD

[illegible]

J. B. HUTCHINSON, [illegible]

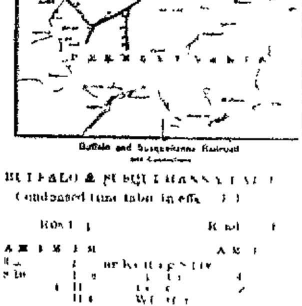
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh

THE SHORT LINE

[illegible]

E. C. LAPEY, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD

Condensed time table in effect [illegible]

[illegible]

All trains daily except Sunday.

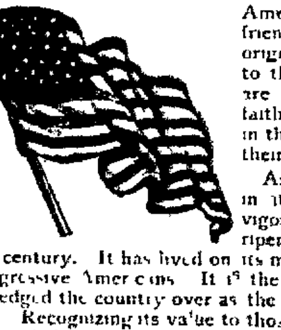
CONNECTIONS.

[illegible]

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN

[illegible]

NEARLY FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD



It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American people has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast to-day, with faith in its teachings and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides.

As a natural consequence it enjoys in its old age all the vitality and vigor of its youth, strengthened and ripened by the experiences of over half a century. It has lived on its merits and on the cordial support of progressive Americans. It is the New York Weekly Tribune, acknowledged the country over as the leading National Family Newspaper. Recognizing its value to those who desire all the news of the State and Nation, the publisher of the MINER (your own favorite home paper) has entered into an alliance with the New York Weekly Tribune which enables him to furnish both papers at the trifling cost of $1.25 per year.

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I have started a [illegible]

John Servatius, — Smethport, Pa.